The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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THE MESSENGER.

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Poetry.

"I COME QUICKLY."

"When ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, be ye not troubled, for such things must needs be."—MARK 13: 7.

He is coming--coming quickly,
To this sorrow-stricken earth;
Though the shadow fall so thickly
O'er the land which gave Him birth:
Though the vine-clad hills of Judah
Lie in misty darkness dim,
Stretching out no hands of greeting
Eagerly to welcome Him.

He is coming—coming quickly,
And His feet once more shall set
On the dusky hill-top shaded--
Purple-crowned Olivet;
For where once despised, rejected,
Where, for man, as man He trod,
He shall stand the manifested,
Mighty Saviour, Son of God.

He is coming! Like the lightning
Shining out from east to west,
He will come—through clouds of darkness
Sun of Righteousness confessed;
For these wars, and darkening rumors,
Are but thunder-claps before;
Loud Jehovah's voice is speaking,
"Jesus Christ is at the door!"

He is coming! They who listen
Hear the tinkling golden bells;
See the distant white robes glisten
Which the high priest's advent tells:
Smell the sweet pomegranate's fragrance
Stealing on the laden air:
Know the spotless feet are pressing,
Lingering, willing still to spare.

Then--though waves of sea are roaring,
Men's hearts failing them for fear,
Looking for the things which, coming,
Cast foreshadows dark and drear—
We will trust that our redemption,
Promised long, is drawing nigh;
For they say to patient watchers,
"Christ the Lord is coming by."

He is coming! And the trumpet
Mightily afar shall sound,
Calling to the wondrous meeting
All who rest in Christ around.
We may hear Him any moment,
Calling all His ransomed home.
He is coming—coming quickly!
Even so, Lord Jesus, come!

—*London Christian.*

Selections.

EXTRACT FROM DR. PAXTON'S OPENING SERMON.

That one prominent characteristic of the great family of Presbyterian Churches is loyalty to the person of Jesus Christ. This is the centre from which all our theology starts, the foundation from which we draw all our inspiration. We do not claim this as a distinction peculiar to ourselves, but we point to it as a characteristic that needs to be emphasized. Jesus Christ stands out before us as a great historical character. It is a simple fact that He is the greatest personage in the world's history, the mightiest force in the world's action, the grandest influence in its civilization. Hence the inquiry, Who is He? is the question that is back of all other questions. The answer to this, by each individual, determines his own personal experiences and character. The answer to this by a Church or denomination of Christians determines the value of religion which it teaches and the measure and character of its efficiency in the world.

If you give the Arian or Socinian answer, which denies His divinity, even though it accredits Him as the highest of created beings, or as a divinely endowed man, you have a religion which leaves man in a state of sin without a Redeemer, under a consciousness of guilt without an atonement, and with no incentive but that of a pure humanitarianism to raise him to something higher and better.

If you take the Gnostic answer, which denies His humanity, or the Appollinarian answer, which denies Him a rational spirit—the place of human intelligence being supplied in Him by the eternal Logos, then you have a religion which brings us in contact with the Divine without a single element of human comfort or consolation. We have no "daysman" to represent our nature in any form of mediation between God and man, no form of humanity to bear the burden of our guilt, no brother or friend to open to us a heart of sympathy or to soothe the bitterness of human woe.

Or if, advancing to later times, you take the answer of Schleiermacher or any of the more advanced theories of philosophic speculation which regard Christ as the ideal man, the one man in whom the ideal of humanity comes to its fullest realization, and He the source of new life to others by awakening in them the same God-consciousness, then you have a religion in which Christ is lost in humanity, and the glorious person of the God-man mediator is shrouded in mystery and lost to the view of faith.

But if, turning from all these hidings of His power and glory, we take the answer of Nathanael: "Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel;" or of Peter: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God;" or of Martha: "I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God that should come into the world;" or of Thomas: "My Lord and My God;" or of Paul: "In Him dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily;" or of John: "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth"—then you have standing out before your apprehension a glorious Person—God, yet man; very God, yet very man—God and man in one Person, that, by the mysterious union of their two natures in one Person, He might reconcile God to man by making expiation, and man to God by making intercession for him.

This is the glorious Person to whom the Presbyterian heart and the Presbyterian faith has ever been loyal. It was in the light of this wonderful Person that Augustine interpreted the Scriptures and drew out that marvelous Christo-centric system of theology that has guided the Presbyterian faith, and has shed its light of hope and peace all down the ages.

It was this gracious Person who, enshrined in the hearts of the Vaudois and Waldenses, enables them to preserve the light of truth through the dark night of the Middle Ages, to enkindle again the torch of the Reformation.

It was this truth, the person of Jesus Christ and the love of God in Him, that inspired and guided the Reformation. It was heart-loyalty to the person of Christ that enabled John Knox, as the English Ambassador testified, "to put more life into his hearers from the pulpit in one hour than 600 trumpets." It is this truth that leads the van of our doctrinal beliefs, and all else follows in its train. It has stood foremost in the confessions and symbols of our Churches age after age, until at length it found its simplest and most perfect expressions in the Westminster Catechism—"The only Redeemer of God's elect is the Lord Jesus Christ, who, being the eternal Son of God, became man, by taking to Himself a true body and a reasonable soul, and so was and continued to be God and man in two distinct natures and one person forever."

Here is the person of a living Redeemer, around whom our affections may cluster, who has the worth of divinity to give value to His sacrifice, the form of humanity to suffer the law penalty which humanity has incurred—a wealth of love to challenge our affection and a motive to service which binds us to Him with the bands of a man and cords of love. Such is the religion that a proper apprehension of the person of Christ must ever produce. A stalwart religion, that grasps by faith the arm of a mighty Redeemer; a strong love, that holds Him in a steadfast embrace; a warmth of devotion, that counts all things as loss for Christ, and a courage that smiles at the stake and triumphs in a martyr's victory. Obscure the glory of that person and the Church sinks into imbecility.

Be assured that no Church can ever bear an effectual part in the conquest of the world but a Church that is loyal to the person of Jesus Christ.

ABSTRACT OF DR. HITCHCOCK'S ADDRESS.

Delivered before the Alliance of the Reformed Churches on "The Ceremonial, the Moral and the Emotional in Christian Life."

Alliance implies also separateness and dividence, as a family is allied by intermarriage, a nation is allied by territory. Christian communities are allied by covenant. With families and nations alliance is the highest and final good in that direction. Mankind will never be literally one family, but only a great conglomeration of families; nor one nation, but at best only a grand confederacy of nations. But the Church of Christ is strictly one, it ought to be and will be, not one fold, as in our English version, but, as Tyndall had it and the Greek had it, one flock, under one Shepherd. Such oneness must certainly be Presbyterian union. It is unity. That is, our Presbyterian Alliance, of course, emphasizes Presbyterianism, but in no hard, narrow way; it looks out in all directions, and is actually leading out into wider fellowship. I mean the Œcumenical Protestant *Alliance*. Evangelical we call it, about [illegible] wrote to Cranmer he would have crossed ten seas to assist in consummating. We shall in the future see a Christian Alliance such as we have never seen yet, and in God's own time far down in the horizon we shall have not only a union but the real unit for which our Lord prayed. Christendom is not occident alone or orient alone, but the two together. And the occident is not Protestant alone or Roman Catholic alone, but the two together. Christianity, even its bitterest enemies will admit, has been one of the great religions of the world. Is it likewise one of the decadent-spent religions? Is it now losing, whether fast or slowly, its old conquering power and relaxing its old grasp everywhere or anywhere? Many men are saying this, and some signs might be so interpreted. Leaving the Latin Church, and leaving the Oriental Churches, all of them, out of the account, is there not in our own Protestant Christendom a real decay of faith? How is it on the Continent of Europe, in Holland, Switzerland and Germany? How is it in Great Britain, in the United States? Everywhere I think most of the great denominations are lamenting for one thing a diminished and diminishing attendance from Sabbath services, and they are complaining for another thing that the old doctrines of the Reformation, as we have called the doctrines of our earlier Protestant confessions, are neither so strictly preached nor so cordially received as they used to be. Mistake is easy in regard to such matters, and exaggeration is easy in our present pessimistic mind. I see both mistake and exaggeration here, and yet I cannot deny the alleged decay. In philosophy, which always rules at last, materialism was never probably quite so thoroughly worked out or quite so overbearing as it is to-day. Puritanism has been a great factor in history over and over again, and in some matters of moment Puritanism is discontent. It is liable to be harsh, to be angular and one-sided. It takes a wedge to split it, but it takes a cannon ball to crush it. The fellowship of Puritanism is stern, jealous, restrictive, intolerant; it is hard on the weak and foolish; it cuts down the number of the saved. The inventions of the fourth century deserved the rebuke they got from Constantine in the person of their champion at the Council of Nice. Two hundred years ago Puritanism and Presbyterianism were not synonymous, neither are they now synonymous. The Westminster divines, the boldest and best of them, were much broader Christians and much broader churchmen than some of us have supposed. At any rate, it is a long while since Cromwell died, and we are now in the nineteenth century, near the end of it, with Infidel cannon thundering against us all along our line, from wing to wing. We must have an Irenic theology; our guns must be turned on our common foe.

Such is the moral lesson, and this is the providential purpose of this infidel artillery. We have done our work and have worked up toward experience and character, but the time is now come for us to be looking after the minimum. It is well for us to know how much there ought to be, and it would be well for us to find out how little there may be. Let us allow the Lord as many as possible, and He has none to spare. Whosoever is casting out devils in the name of Christ, most surely forbid him not. He may not be gathering according to our way; but our way, though it was the best, is not the only way. Folds may be many while the flock is sparse. Of this Christian life which must needs be many-sided and manifold, the lowest is what may be termed the ceremonial. There is a grand hiding of power in it. Consider the Mosaic system. Possibly we may be surprised to see how little there was in it of what we may consider the religious life of a people. There was really very little of instructive public discourse, very little of unity of prayer, and very little, apparently, of what has been called experimental religion. It was not exclusively, to be sure, but mainly, a ritual of sacrifice. The people stood looking on while the priests and Levites performed their office. Spencer may call it Egyptian, others may call it puerile, let us call it divine. Mohammedanism has become the religion of other races than the one which gave it birth, and though now like Romanism it is weakened, like Romanism, Christianity were a body without a soul its life would not be worth insuring, but neither is it a soul without a body. The disciples of our Lord asked Him for a form of prayer and He gave it to them. The Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Apostles' Creed, these are the germs of all liturgies. At first the liturgies were oral. Not until after the Nicene Council were they reduced to writing. Now in all liturgical Churches there is too much constant repetition and liberty for omitting portions is unwisely denied, but these abuses of a liturgy are no argument against it; our Presbyterian baldness of public service is hurting us in many ways that need not be specified. Luther, Calvin, Knox and the early reformers generally, were liturgists; even the Westminster Assembly set forth its directory of worship, which concedes, of course, the liturgic idea. A liturgy, it has been said, is for children. Very well. What place have we for children now but in the Sunday-school, and by what arts of responsive reading, secular singing, annual parties and picnics the institution is kept going, you need not be told. The whole Sunday-School interest will have to be taken in by-and-by for revision. Children who now go to the Sunday School, but not to Church, will be brought to Church, and one day, though probably not till we are all gone, there will be a form of public service which shall suit the matured and cultured not the less for suiting the immature and uncultured. In this matter of public worship, we have yet to learn, and we shall learn, that what is really best for anybody is best for everybody. No existing Prayer-book satisfies any Presbyterian; still less would any good, wise Presbyterian ask to have a good Prayer-book made up out of materials that are new. The materials mostly are old; some of them very old, such as Gloria in Excelsis and Te Deum. The doxology of Bishop Kenn, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," etc., is our modern contribution to the worship of God Is there any prayer of modern time that can equal that of Chrysostom: "Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of these Thy servants as may be most expedient for them, granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting." The further we get down the centuries the more precious will be the language of the unbroken melodies of praise and prayer. I anticipate, also, a revival of the old Church year. Clear back to the apostolic times we find at least the Passover, Pentecost and Epiphany. Christmas appears not long after. Then the calendar is crowded with festivals, which disgusted the Fathers, bringing the whole system in disrepute. Between Puritan and Papist, we side with the Puritan. Christmas, Good Friday and Whitsuntide emphasize the three grand facts and features of our religion.

Next in order is the moral type. It was a capital thing for Judaism that the moral law was its national code; there had been nothing like this in the world before. Bad institutions the Hebrews had, and bad laws to be sure, but no institution now considered immoral was really sanctioned by Moses. Christianity, besides the Decalogue, has also its Sermon on the Mount. A portion of it should be made a part of our week-day service. That sermon did for Christianity in its first conflict with the heathen what the Ten Commandments did for Judaism.

Finally, brethren, permit me to say Evangelical Christians must not be too exacting. We cannot all be Bernards, but by such men we can measure ourselves, each person in his own closet; but let us not measure one another at the tremendous risk of cant and hypocrisy. We also must have revivals. Feeling is tidal, ebbing and flowing, but revivals as we manage them are full of risk. Times of refreshing are times of favor, and if there be fever in the heat, we know what follows. Finally, without the high emotional type, we shall have no missions at home or abroad. The sign of conquest in our sky today is still the same old sign of the cross.

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE GOSPEL.

There is, perhaps, no aspect of their work so discouraging to the ministry as the indisputable fact that the majority of congregations are not what they ought to be in point of numbers. Of all the trials the ministry are called to endure, preaching to empty pews is the most severe; yet it is one that is common to nearly all who preach. Published figures show that an astonishingly small portion of the people, especially in our cities, hear preaching, and that, though the number of church sittings is far less than the population, yet those sittings are not nearly filled.

The great problem of the average pastor is to remedy this state of things, and in some way awaken an interest in his ministry of the Word. Besides his proper work, he feels burdened with the infinitely more difficult task of securing hearers from among those who feel no interest in him or his message. The failure, in many cases, is not only a source of discouragement, but the occasion of strong temptations to resort to clap-trap, questionable methods of advertisement, a sensational style of preaching, and, gravest of all, the temptation to modify the truth to suit the taste of the multitude—to preach another "gospel" than that of Jesus Christ. These temptations are increased by the fact that some who yield to them succeed in securing larger audiences than many who adhere to the apostolic methods.

Under such circumstances the preacher must revert to the terms of his commission, and remember that his only sure guarantee of success in the ministry is the power of the Gospel. That guarantee is the power of God, and does all that Omnipotence can do to save men. It is God's chosen agency for the salvation of the world, and He stands pledged to give it efficiency wherever it is preached in its purity, saying, "It shall not return unto Me void, but accomplish that which I please and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." The terms of every preacher's commission limit him to the one work of preaching the Gospel of Christ. This he is bound to do, whether men will "bear or forbear." He has no right to do anything else, and is pronounced "accursed" if he venture to "preach any other Gospel." He is not called to provide hearers for himself by resorting to the arts of the demagogue or the rhetorician, and catering to the low tastes and preferences of men. He is not responsible for being personally imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, and for preaching it in all fulness by his life and in his pulpit. If he is conscious that he preaches and lives "a whole Gospel, he may confidently expect fruit, and has a right to exonerate himself from all blame if men refuse to hear. He can say with the apostle: "If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost. In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believed not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them. For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord."

If the Gospel of power does not save men, they cannot be saved by any other means. And if the faithful proclamation of the Gospel does not secure a hearing, it is not the fault of the preacher, but of those who refuse to hear. The time foretold by St. Paul has come, "when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall be turned unto fables."

The faithful minister need not blame himself for the refusal of such people to hear him, or be tempted to adapt his message to their perverted taste. There is no conceivable substitute for the plain and simple Gospel of Christ, and it is gross infidelity to his high calling, and utterly useless for any minister to attempt to win and save men by any other means.—*Exchange.*

Family Reading.

FOR MY SAKE.

Three little words, but full of tenderest meaning:
Three little words the heart can scarcely hold:
Three little words, but on their import dwelling,
What wealth of love those syllables unfold!

"For My sake" cheer the suffering, help the needy.
On earth this was My work, I give to thee;
If thou wouldst follow in thy Master's footsteps,
Take up My cross, and come and learn of Me.

"For My sake" let the little ones be tended,
All that I gave unto thee safely keep;
I took them in My arms, received and blessed them,
Do now the same for Me, "Feed now My sheep."

"For My sake" let the harsh word die unuttered
That trembles on the swift, impetuous tongue;
"For My sake" check the quick, rebellious feeling
That rises when thy brother does thee wrong.

"For my sake" ever press the patience onward,
Although the race be hard, the battle long;
Within My Father's house are many mansions,
There thou shalt rest and join the victor's song.

And if in coming days the world revile thee,
If "for My sake" thou suffer pain and loss,
Bear on, faint heart, thy Master went before thee,
They only wear His crown, who share His cross.

O Thou dear Lord, who walked on earth incarnate,
Fain would we follow, but we fear to fall;
Lo! at Thy feet we bend, Thy aid imploring,
Our only plea that "For Thy sake" we call.

POST-MORTEM LOVE.

Why is it that so many people keep all their pleasant thoughts and kind words about a man bottled and sealed up until he is dead, when they come and break the bottle over his coffin, and bathe his shroud in fragrance? Many a man goes through life with scarcely one bright, cheering, encouraging, helpful word. He toils hard and in lowly obscurity. He gives out his life freely and unstintedly for others. I remember such a man. He was not brilliant; he was not great; but he was faithful. He had many things to discourage him. Troubles thickened about his life. He was misrepresented and misunderstood. Everybody believed that he was a good man, but no one ever said a kindly or pleasant thing about him. He never heard a compliment, scarcely ever a good wish. No one ever took any pains to encourage him, to strengthen his feeble knees, to lighten his burdens, or to lift up his heart by a gentle deed of love, or by a cheerful word. He was neglected. Unkind things were often said of him.

I stood at his coffin, and then there were many tongues to speak his praise. There was not a breath of aspersion in the air. Men spoke of self-denials—of his work among the poor, and of his good qualities, of his quietness, his modesty, his humility, his pureness of heart, his faith and prayer. There were many who spoke indignantly of the charges that falsehood had forged against him in past years, and the treatment he had received. There were enough kind things said during the two or three days that he lay in his coffin, and while the company stood around his open grave, to have blessed him and made him happy all his fifty years, and to have thrown sweetness and joy about his soul during all his painful and weary journey. There was enough sunshine wasted about the black coffin and dark grave to have made his whole life path bright as clearest day. But his ears were closed then, and could not hear a word that was spoken. His heart was still then, and could not be thrilled by the grateful sounds. He cared nothing then for the sweet flowers that were piled upon his coffin. The love blossomed out too late. The kindness came when the life could not receive its blessings.

But meantime there is a great host of weary men and women toiling through life toward the grave, who need cheering words and helpful ministries. The incense is gathering to scatter about their coffins; but why should it not be scattered in their paths to-day? The kind words are lying in men's hearts and trembling on their tongues, which will be spoken by and by, when these weary ones are sleeping; but why should they not be spoken now, when they need them so much, and when their accents would be so pleasing and grateful?

It costs but little to give men a great deal of joy and help. One brought a bunch of flowers to my table, and for a whole week filled my room with fragrance. One wrote me a cheering letter, breathing a spirit of gratitude and love. It came when I was weary and depressed, and was like the meal prepared by the angel for the old prophet. I went on in its blessed strength for many days. One met me on the street and spoke an encouraging word and grasped me warmly by the hand; and for hours I felt that warm grasp and heard that word echoing through my soul.

A little child may brighten scores of lives every day. There is not one of us who may not gladden and strengthen many a heart between every rising and setting sun. Why should we not live to bless the living, to cheer the disheartened, to sweeten cups that are bitter, to hold up hands that hang down, to comfort those that mourn, to bear joy into joyless homes? Kind words will not spoil a man. If a sermon helps you, it will do the preacher no harm to tell him so. If the editor writes an article that does you good, he can write a still better one if you send him a word of thanks. If a book blesses you, do you not owe it to the author to write a grateful acknowledgment? If you know a weary or neglected one, would it not be such work as angels do, would it not be Christ-like work, to seek every opportunity to brighten and bless that life? Do not wait till the eyes are closed, the ears deaf, and the heart stilled. Do it now. Post-mortem kindnesses do not cheer. Flowers in the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.—*Rev. J. R. Miller, in S. S. Times.*

SHOULD TIRED PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH?

Many of those who stay at home all day Sunday because they are tired, make a great mistake; they are much more weary on Sunday night than they would have been had they gone to church at least once; as the time must often drag heavily on Sunday for the lack of something to do and to think about; and the consciousness of having spent the day unprofitably must sometimes add mental dissatisfaction to the languor that follows idleness.

Moreover, these tired people would often find refreshment for their minds and their hearts in the quiet services of the church. They would secure by means of them a change of mental atmosphere, and the suggestion of thoughts and motives and sentiments which are out of the range of their work. For a hard-working mechanic or salesman, or housekeeper, or teacher, this diversion of the thought to other than the customary themes might be the most restful way of spending a portion of the day of rest.

We happen to know of several cases in which this prescription has been used with excellent results. Those who wanted to stay at home because they were too tired on Sunday to go to church, have been induced to try the experiment of seeking rest for their souls as well as their bodies, in the sanctuary, for a small part of every Sunday; and they testify that they have found what they sought; that the observance has proved a refreshment rather than a weariness, and that their Sundays never gave them so much good rest when they stayed at home, as they have given them since they formed the habit of church-going.—*Good Company.*

ABOUT DUNCES.

Fisher Ames entered Harvard at the age of twelve and Edward Everett at thirteen; Bishop Heber translated "Phœdrus" into English at seven; Ada Seward repeated from memory the first three books of "Paradise Lost," at nine; and Lord Brougham wrote on philosophy at eighteen.

But all eminent men have not been remarkable for early attainments. Some of the grandest spirits that the world has ever known—men whose works and memory are enduring—were regarded in youth as dunces. They flowered late, but bore the rarest fruit.

It is somewhat discouraging for a boy of moderate abilities, who aims to do his best, to be told that others accomplished in childhood what he can do only by hard study in the best years of his youth. But such a boy should not relax his efforts. He will succeed if he gives his heart and mind to the work.

That distinguished teacher, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, after speaking of those who zealously cultivate inferior powers of mind, said of such a pupil: "I would stand to that man hat in hand." He once spoke sharply to a dull boy, who replied, "Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best I can."

Dr. Arnold said he never so felt a rebuke in his life.

Sir Isaac Newton was pronounced a dunce in his early school-days. He stood low in his classes and seemed to have no relish for study. One day the "bright boy" of the school gave him a kick in the stomach, which caused him severe pain. The insult stung young Newton to the quick, and he resolved to make himself felt and respected by improved scholarship. He applied himself resolutely to study and ere long stood in his classes above the boy who had kicked him, and ultimately became the first scholar in the school.

Newton owed his pre-eminence in his philosophical studies more to perseverance and application than to any marvelous natural endowments.

Oliver Goldsmith, than whom no boy could appear more stupid, was the butt of ridicule. A school dame, after wonderful patience and perseverance, taught him the alphabet—a thing which she deemed creditable to her school, and which she lived to mention with pride when her pupil became famous. He made no progress in the exact studies, but liked history and Latin poetry.

He was a sore trial to his ambitious mother, who made many fruitless efforts to quicken his wits by her sharp words.

His relatives, teachers and schoolmates all told him he was a fool, which verdict he did not dispute, but took good-humoredly. Even when he had produced the "Traveler," an eminent critic said to a friend, "Sir, I do believe that Goldsmith wrote that poem; and that, let me tell you, is believing a good deal."

Sir Walter Scott was a dull boy, and when attending the University at Edinburgh, he went by the name of "the great blockhead." But he wasted no time on trifles, and in pursuing a study that he loved—as, for example, history or the classics—he was persevering and methodical. He was one of those whose knowledge on a subject that interested him, increased until it lay like a great volume on his mind. When Walter Scott began to make use of that knowledge, society gave him another name, somewhat different from the Edinburgh appellation. It was "the great magician."

Hutton, the antiquarian, whose knowledge of books was deemed remarkable, was slow to learn when a boy. He was sent to school to a certain Mr. Meat. He thus tells his experience: "My master took occasion to beat my head against the wall, holding it by the hair, but he could never beat any learning into it."

Sheridan found it hard to acquire the elements of learning. His mother deemed it her duty to inform his teacher that he was not bright to learn like other boys. Adam Clarke was pronounced by his father to be "a grievous dunce," and Dr. Chalmers was pronounced by his teacher as an "incorrigible" one. Chatterton was dismissed from school by his master, who, finding himself unable to teach him anything in a satisfactory manner, settled it that he was a "fool."

Teachers are apt to become impatient over dull scholars, and predict of them that they will never come to anything. Such uncalled-for prophecies ought to discourage no scholar who tries to do well. A certain Edinburgh professor once pronounced upon a student this severe opinion: "Dunce you are, and dunce you will ever remain." That student was Sir Walter Scott.

If a dull boy feels an inspiration stirring within to know something worthy in literature, science or art, let him set his face as a flint toward his object; let him be patient, hopeful and self-reliant, unmoved by laughter, undiscouraged by evil prophecies.—*Moravian.*

WHAT HEAVEN HOLDS FOR US.

I think we can see that the shades of darkness in our earthly lots lead us to long for heaven. If everything here were as we should wish to have it, we should not desire to go elsewhere, but "God has provided some better thing for us" in the world beyond, and He takes care that we shall not get entirely wedded to the concerns of earth. Our afflictions wean us from the world. They lead us to say with Job, "I would not live alway." They tend through the power of the Holy Ghost to set our affections "on those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at God's right hand." Do we lose property, then we are reminded of the Saviour's words, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal?" Are we in bodily affliction? Then we are led to think of which it is said, "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Are we bereaved? then we are in circumstances to appreciate the Saviour's words, "I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am there ye may be also." Who among us has not been greatly blessed ultimately, though not perhaps just at the moment, through bereavement? It has given a realness, a nearness, and an interest to the life beyond which nothing else could have created. When our friends passed through the gate they took a large part of us with them, our thoughts are more in heaven now that they are there; our hearts are more in the better land, because they are in it, and we feel that it will be an easier thing for us to die, now that those we know so well and loved so dearly have passed on before us. Ah, friends! is it not thus by bereavement more than most other things, that God prepares us for going hence? I have about as large a congregation in heaven now as I have here on earth, and as the years revolve the heavenly one will become the greater; so that I shall be more at home there than here. So the darkness which makes even Christian experience a twilight here, is a darkness that disposes him to long for the day. We have as much of heaven in the light of earthly life as to give us a foretaste of its sweetness, and we have as much of trial in our earthly darkness as to make us, like Paul, "desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."—*Wm. M. Taylor, D. D.*

THE CLOSED GATE.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

I walked along a narrow way;
The sun was shining everywhere;
The jocund earth was glad and gay,
With morning freshness in the air.

The grass was green beneath my feet;
The skies were blue and soft o'erhead;
The robin carolled clear and sweet,
And flowers their fragrance round me shed.

How shone the great hills far away!
How clear they rose against the blue!
How fair the tranquil meadows lay,
Where the bright river glances through!

But suddenly, as on I pressed,
Before me frowned a closed gate;
Filled with dismay, and sore distressed,
I strove in vain to conquer fate!

Beyond, the hills for which I sighed—
Beyond, the valleys still and fair—
Beyond, the meadows stretching wide,
And all the shining fields of air!

* * * *

What does it mean, O Father! when
Thy children reach some closed gate,
Which, though they knock and knock again,
Will not its watch and ward abate?

Still shall they batter in the walls?
Or still, like children, cry and fret,
While the loud clamor of their calls
Swells high in turbulent regret?

When Thou hast barred the door, shall they
Challenge Thy wisdom, God of love?
Or humbly wait beside the way
Till Thou the barrier shalt remove?

Too oft we cannot hear Thee speak,
So loud our voices and our prayers,
While to the patient and the meek
The gate Thou openest unawares!

BRUSSELS LACE.

It is probable that a large proportion of the female readers of our daily papers, who see so much in their columns about the great festivities at Brussels, will at once connect the name of the Belgian capital with that special industry which has made Brussels interesting to the ladies of many generations. "Brussels" and "Lace" are two conceptions which have long been inseparable in the boudoirs and the millinery depots of the world. At the time of the Italian domination "Brussels Lace" enjoyed no reputation or extension equal to its merits. Every article of fashion at that period had to come, or to pretend to come, from Italy, just as in later times France became the paradisaical land of female clothing. When the greatness of Venice sank, and the Courts of England and France increased their splendor and luxury, a great market was first opened for the Flemish lace-fabrication, and the fame of the Belgian lace dates from that time. The Point d'Alencon, the Point d'Aiguille, the Duchesse, even the Valenciennes and Chantilly, in spite of their French names, come at the present day from the old Flemish provinces of Belgium. The great lace dealers of Paris, the Maisons du Louvre and Bon Marche, derive their wares from Belgium; and they have hundreds of persons constantly at work for them, and for them exclusively, in busy Flanders. The Belgian State, hitherto, has done nothing for the improvement and development of this widespread and truly national industry; it possesses no technical schools for the education of the lace-worker, or for instruction in drawing lace patterns. The people have been left to themselves, and they still work with stolid, uninventive energy upon the patterns and plans of former centuries. For a long period the convent schools were the principal lace factories. In Flanders the parents were quite contented if the nuns taught their children a very little reading and writing, and then sent them home occasionally with a few sous in payment for their work as lace-makers. They were still more pleased when the nuns gave the little maidens simply one hour a day for reading and writing, and kept them for the remainder of the school-time laboring at the lace, so that they took home with them what was regarded in a Flemish peasant's cottage as a valuable addition to the family income. In the long winter evenings millions of hands were and are busy at this delicate work, so that this great industry of Flanders is not carried on in huge factories, and does not tend to the formation of over-crowded factory towns, but is wrought in the huts of the peasantry. The very same hands which in the morning milk the cows and churn the butter, and during summer labor at the harvest, and do other coarse out-of-door farm work are engaged in the short days and long evenings of winter in the most tender and delicate of all handicrafts. The workwomen receive no fixed and regular wages or price for their work. They have to agree with the agent or middleman for the whole quantity which they offer for sale. The price has been so lowered by competition that the quickest, cleverest and most industrious worker is said to be seldom able to earn so much as 3 francs a day. The average earning is from 50 centimes to a franc and a half. Prices are raised when there is a great crush of orders; but the lace-makers occasionally have to suffer the burden of over-production, like great manufacturers, and at such times enormous quantities are carried by the poor women to the great Brussels firms and offered at half-price. In this species of fabrication (probably beyond any other, as a Belgian has observed) there is the greatest possible contrast between the producer and the consumer. The former is in all cases a poor woman, perhaps is a helpless and bereaved one, laboring half the night through by a miserable light, in a wretched hut, at work for which she is sure to obtain the very meanest price; the other may be the proud wife or daughter of the millionaire, the princess or leader of fashion in a marble palace. "To the producer," says a Brussels writer, "the tender and delicate web is a weapon against hunger and dishonesty; to the consumer it is probably a weapon of coquetry. The lace of Brussels may be weighed with bank notes; the rich pay them for it, but the poor producers get very little fractions of the payment."—*London Echo.*

AN ARAB'S WIFE.

When an Arab woman intends marrying again after the death of her husband, she goes the night before the ceremony to pay a visit to his grave. There she kneels, and prays him not to be offended—not to be jealous. As, however, she feels he will be offended or jealous, the widow brings with her a donkey laden with two goats' skins filled with water. The prayer ended, she proceeds to pour water on the grave, to keep the first husband cool under the irritating circumstances about to take place, and having well saturated him, she then departs.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

HARE OR RABBIT SOUP.—Dissect the rabbit, crack the bones, putting in three small onions and a bunch of sweet herbs. Hares which are too tough to be cooked in any other way, make excellent game soup. Also, the large gray squirrel of the Middle and Southern States.

ROAST "SPARE RIB."—Rub over with salt, pepper and powdered sage before putting in the oven. The gravy should be made of the drippings as in roast beef—that is, thickened with brown flour. Allow fifteen minutes to every pound of pork for roasting, and serve tart apple-sauce with it.

BOILED TURKEY.—Prepare your turkey as for roasting; put it in a cloth and boil it slowly, if from eight to nine pounds an hour and a half. Throw into the water a few cloves, a little black pepper, sweet marjoram and salt. It is to be served with oysters. Skim the turkey well while boiling or it will not be white.

TO HASTEN COOKING.—All kinds of poultry and meat can be cooked quicker by adding to the water in which they are boiled a little vinegar, or a little piece of lemon. By the use of an acid, there will be considerable saving of fuel as well as shortening of time. Its action is beneficial on old tough meats, rendering them quite tender and easy to be digested.

TOMATO OMELET.—For an omelet of six eggs, use four medium-sized tomatoes, or fewer, if large; peel, cut out all hard and partly ripe parts, and chop fine. Rub two tablespoonfuls of flour into a tablespoonful of butter, mix with the tomatoes, and add salt, with pepper if desired; stir the beaten eggs into those, and cook as for other omelets. Unless the tomatoes are thoroughly ripe, cook them slightly at first.

HOUSE CLEANING.—Good fires should be kept up during house-cleaning time, even though the doors and windows be kept open, and more than usual attention should be given to the provision of a nutritious and generous diet. Under the most favorable circumstances house-cleaning makes immense demands upon the nervous system, as well as on the muscular, and good food at regular intervals will be a great help in enabling one to be patient and find comfort in the philosophy of rejoicing in joys to come.

Miscellaneous.

A SUMMER JOURNAL.

BY ELAINE GOODALE.

Broad lights and shadows sweep below
The sun-girt mountains' nearer range;
The woods their dusk, bright masses show
Along the line of subtlest change.

The meadows, greening goldenly,
Clothe their broad slopes in satin sheen;
With leaf-lit boughs against the sky,
The glancing tree-tops laugh between.

To such a house, so roofed by heaven,
So walled with earth, a stately pile,
What flower-wrought tapestries are given,
What wreathed arches, mile on mile!

The aster laughs amid the woods,
Heaps up her fringes in the sun,
And light along the dusty roads
Thistles and daisies mingling run.

The fences all are ringed with flame,
That aye ascends in yellow spires,
And in the shade the foxglove stands
And feeds afresh the forest fires.

Within four walls whose tints are dead
Beside this outer world of ours,
The blank, cold ceiling overhead,
There glows a vase of fresh-plucked flowers:

The white wood-aster's spangled train,
The everlasting's gold-tipped pearls,
Pale clovers from the wind-swept lane,
And milk-weed with its hooded curls!

Had any other dared to try,
How cold, how crude the hues combined;
They owned beneath their native sky
An eye so true, a touch so kind!

Let grassy uplands, forest-crowned,
With purples deck the border-wild;
We in our chambered cell have found
The whole creation reconciled.

—*Christian Union.*

A DEVONSHIRE MANOR HOUSE.

It was a rambling old house set deep down in a park that was luxuriant in glades and meadows and blooming gardens. The house was approached by a noble avenue of ancient elms, its gable ends peering above a belt of firs, and its old chapel window rising up from a gay garden bed. It was made up of a series of quaint buildings which rambled about a court where shrubs and flowers grew in rich profusion against the gray old walls. A vine with blossoms that later were scarlet hung over the entrance porch, and at one side a white and yellow rose-bush held riotous sway. An ancient building, with the gargoyles and casements of ages looking out from behind crimson and white roses that some young hands may have planted a few summers ago, is very striking to an American eye. At this manor the contrast was peculiarly impressive. As we stood in the porch, still rough-hewn with the stone benches of the fifteenth century, we could lift our hands and pick a whole armful of deep crimson and pale "lady white" roses; and the windows fronting the court were ablaze with blossoms.

I think I never saw a more enchanting hallway than that in the old manor. It was long and low, and lined on one side with the quaintest windows, whose diamond-paned casements swung out against the tangle of vines and flowers; on the other, with heavily carved old oak presses, which our friends told us had been there since the time of Queen Elizabeth. The music-room had been a chapel long ago, somewhere in the fifteenth century, when the building was a monastery, and its form was so little changed that the niches for statues and holy water fonts remained, and the vaulted roof still bore the legends and arms of the various bishops who dwelt here in early days. Near by was an old turret stair; and midway down the hall was a grand room with a great sweeping bay-window; such a room as might have seen stately dances centuries gone by, in all that was sumptuous in fabrics and laces; might have heard the voices and laughter of all that was fair and grand in Devon. Upstairs the rooms were perpetual surprises as we went from one to another through the picturesque corridors, dipping up and down, with queer angles, and high, deep windows. The most fascinating room of all was that prepared two hundred years ago for the birth of the heir. The roof was arched, the walls were wainscoted, and above was a beautiful frieze with vines and fruit in bas-relief, and over the carved mantle a huge shield with the family crest and coat of arms, and a Latin motto signifying force and courage and fidelity. Those mottoes of old families are fine souvenirs of power; they blazon forth the ambition, the ideal, the final tradition of an old house that perhaps contended for these brave virtues with feasting, riot and decay. The nineteenth century had crept into the rooms with a slow and not ungraceful movement; bits of the artistic decoration of to-day showed here and there like paint and powder on a worn court beauty; the pale, faded colors of the past, wherever they remained, were treasured with pious care; but of the mediæval furniture, which onced graced the rooms, hardly any was left, and my lady's fireside looked curiously rejuvenated with a deep-cushioned chair before it covered with dainty chintz and lace.—*Harper's Magazine.*

ANTIOCHUS THE GREAT.

It will be interesting to Assyrian scholars to learn that among the antiquities recently received at the British Museum from the excavations at Babylon is a fine clay cylinder of Antiochus the Great, containing sixty lines of cuneiform writing in a perfect state of preservation. The royal titles recorded on the cylinder are, with the exception of the ethnic distinction of Makkiddunai, "Macedonian," the same as were borne by the old kings of Babylon, and furnish no special evidence as to which of the Antiochi may be designated; but as the king's father and son both bear on the cylinder the name of Seleucus—the orthography, however, being throughout employed of Sikukku, as if the Babylonians, like the Armenians, substituted a guttural for the Greek liquid—there can be no hesitation in identifying the monarch with Antiochus the Great, whose father was Seleucus Ceranmus, and whose son and successor was Seleucus IV, or Philopator. A date is also given on the cylinder—"the 20th day of the month Adar, in the 43d year"—for the execution of certain works at Babylon, which would seem to show that the so-called Parthian epoch of B. C. 248 had been already adopted at Babylon as the national era, and in supersession of the better known Syrian "era of the Seleucidæ," the year indicated on the cylinder being thus equal to B. C 205, when Antiochus the Great is known to have been wintering at Babylon after his return from his famous Indian expedition.

The inscription is written in the ornate, cuneiform character, which we have been hitherto accustomed, on perhaps insufficient evidences, to term hieratic, and presents a good deal of variety from the alphabet of the same type which was used in the time of Nebuchadnezzar, but the language is to all intents and purposes the same that is found in Babylonian documents dating three centuries earlier; and the legend itself, recording the repairs by the king of the two great temples of Babylon, together with prayers for the royal protection to the tutelary divinities Nebo and Merodach, exhibits the stereotyped phrases with which all Assyriologists are familiar. The chief interest, therefore, of the document consists, not in any direct historical discovery, but in the evidence which is afforded that official records, of the same type as the early cylinders of Nineveh and Chaldæa, were deposited in the temples of Babylon long after the date of the Macedonian conquest, and in the hope which we are thus authorized to entertain that contemporary accounts of the campaigns of Alexander and his successors will be brought to light as excavations are continued in the mounds of Amran and Jamjumeh, from whence, it is to be understood, all the recent relics, including the cylinders and tablet of Cyrus the Great, have been exhumed. I am further glad to be able to announce that, at the personal solicitation of Sir Henry Layard before he left Constantinople, H. M., the Sultan, was pleased to extend for another two years, dating from next spring, the period during which the employes of the British Museum are to be permitted to continue their excavation of the mounds of Assyria and Babylonia.—*London Atheneum.*

PAINTING A BUNCH OF GRAPES.

The most truly artistic efforts of the Japanese artists are those which display the simplest modes of delineation, and are generally executed in Indian ink only. Many descriptions have been given by those who have had the opportunity of watching the natives at work, and all bear witness to the remarkable quickness of imagination and execution they display. A traveler in the country relates how on one occasion he had the pleasure of observing a screen-painter at work in his studio, which consisted of a portion of the house screened off from the rest by his own finished productions, but open to the street. Being struck with his great freedom of hand, he requested him to draw a bunch of grapes. This was given as a difficult task and test of skill, for the traveler had in his mind the labored works of his own country, and naturally expected that, from the time required to depict the fruit, the artist would laugh and shake his head. Judge of his surprise when the artist seized a piece of screen-paper, and, dipping the point of his thumb into a dish of Indian ink, proceeded to make a number of softly-shaded, crescent-like forms close together. Thinking he must have been misunderstood, but saying nothing, he watched with growing interest the rapid movements of his artistic friend. The crescent forms being finished, his first finger and thumb were together dipped into the ink and transferred to the paper, and with a few rapid movements produced two shaded forms of irregular outline. With his thumb-nail he added three dark lines and sundry other trifling touches, and politely handed the finished sketch, which displayed a bunch of plump round grapes, with leaves and stalks complete. This is by no means a bad illustration of the ready methods resorted to by the Japanese artists in representing simple objects, for which they are justly celebrated. We have one illustration in a Japanese book which shows an artist seated on a stool opposite a screen, which he is painting with no fewer than five brushes, one held in each foot, one in each hand, and one in his mouth. This is doubtless an exaggeration. Another humorous sketch on the same page shows the artist to be of such a transcendent genius, and the horse he had been painting proved so lifelike, that it became endowed with vitality and ran away from the paper. The amazement of the artist is cleverly expressed.—*Keramic Art in Japan, Audsley and Bowes.*

Selections.

Open your heart; open it without measure, that God and His love may enter without measure.—*Fenelon.*

If Christ is ours and we are His, in Him all things are ours. Christ is our Brother, God is our Father, Heaven is our home, and the angels are our ministering servants.

God often lays the sum of His amazing providence in very dismal afflictions; as the limner first puts on the dusky colors, on which he intends to draw the portraiture of some illustrious beauty.—*S. Charnock.*

A sable night returns a shining morrow,
And days of joy ensue sad nights of sorrow;
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down,
And he that had no cross deserves no crown.
—*Francis Quarles.*

What is friendship good for that only blossoms in sunshine, and shuts up at night and in stormy days? What is a friendship, or a love, or a faithfulness good for that stands instead when you do not want or need it? Then, when a man would be ribbed up in strength, is the time when friendship will show itself.

Why has God given us souls, and exposed us to sorrow, temptation and trial? Science here is dumb; but the spirit of Christianity, which is identical with the profoundest breathings of our common human heart, replies: For discipline and preparation; for the formation of character; for the development of our individual personality.

The world sees but little beauty in the crown of thorns, and is unable to perceive the grandeur of the faith that accepts the sorrow of the heavies cross for the sake of the Christ it cannot see. There are, indeed, flashes of spiritual glory beaming now and then from the Christian spirit in its agony, that are too bright to be concealed; but usually the mass of men are unable to hear the undertone of heavenly music that thrills through the cry of Christian sorrow, or detect the robes of the heavenly palace beneath the garments of great tribulation.—*E. L. Hull.*

Science and Art.

Professor Nordenskjold proposes to procee d in 1882 by land to the mouth of the River Lena, Siberia, where the vessel for his next Arctic voyage is being built. He will then draw maritime charts, measure the depths of the waters and gather all the other necessary information for the further use of the new road of commerce.

ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY.—In the Via Santa Sublina, whilst some workmen were engaged, a few days ago, in laying gas-pipes in the street, they found a large bas-relief, thirteen feet in length, which seems to have formed part of the cornice of a building. The style is good, and though this might be a clue to the period in which it was wrought, another confirmation was deduced from a medallion which was found at the same spot, bearing the head of an Empress, which it is believed represents Faustina, wife of the Emperor Antoninus Pius.

UTILIZATION OF POLAR HEAT.—Very practical results are reported to have arisen from the experiments of M. Mouchot in utilizing solar heat. By means of a large collecting mirror, twelve feet six inches in diameter, and capable of resisting the strongest gale, he has succeeded in raising more than sixty pints of water to the boiling point in eighty minutes, and in an hour and a half more produced a steam pressure of eight atmospheres. During one day last March in Algiers a horizontal engine was driven at the rate of 120 turns a minute, under a pressure of three and a half atmospheres; and at another trial the apparatus worked a pump at the rate of 264 gallons of water an hour one yard high. The pump was kept going from 8 o'clock, A. M. to 4 o'clock, P. M., and neither strong winds nor passing clouds sensibly interfered with its action. M. Mouchot can now readily produce a temperature applicable to the fusion and calcination of alum, the preparation of benzoic acid, the purification of linseed oil, the concentration of sirup, the distillation of sulphuric acid and the carbonization of wood.

IMPORTANT ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY.—Not long ago Professor E. C. Pickering, Director of the Harvard Observatory, was so fortunate as to make a discovery which has been characterized as one of the most important discoveries in stellar physics of the present century. Professor Pickering uses in some of his investigations a prism, placed between the object glass and the object-piece of his telescope, and this apparatus, of his own device, has led him to the following observations:—In the ordinary telescope a star is seen as a point of light, hardly larger than it appears to the naked eye. With the instrument containing the prism a star, instead of giving the appearance of a point of light, is drawn out into a continuous band. When, however, the telescope with the prism is directed to a planetary nebula, the light is collected into a star-like point without any bend, and these facts enable the astronomer to distinguish instantly between a star and a planetary nebula. This principle has already enabled Professor Pickering to discover several planetary nebulæ. On the night in question an object was observed which presented the appearance of two star-like points within the band in the modified telescope. Astronomers do not venture to express any decided opinion as to what the newly-discovered object is. It is entirely different from anything heretofore observed in the telescope, and is regarded as a very important object for investigation.

Items of Interest.

It is said in Washington that each of the parties will put a million dollars into the Indiana campaign.

The medical student of Maine must dissect before he can become an M. D., but the law provides that no bodies shall be dissected except those of executed criminals, and another law abolishes capital punishment.

An American traveller saw on a London hotel register these words, "Sir A. T. Galt and fifteen children." The latter were ushered into the dining-room by their governess, and were mostly girls, fine-looking and well-behaved.

The tobacco and cranberry crops of Wisconsin are larger than ever this year. That State will receive about $1,000,000 for its tobacco and about half as much for its cranberries. Its wheat crop turned out well, and its corn crop is excellent.

There were thirty-eight college waiters at the Glen House, White Mountains, during the summer, ten from Bates, five from Amherst, three from Harvard, and twenty from other colleges and schools. Some of them picked up from $30 to $70 in fees. One student made so good an impression that a rich old lady offered to pay his college bills for two years.

Mr. Fawcett, the British Postmaster-General, has a new plan for facilitating the small savings of the poor. A saving child may now get an official strip of paper intended to hold twelve stamps, add a stamp at a time to it as he can save a penny, and when it is full take it to the post-office, and get a savings-bank receipt for a shilling, the minimum deposit which it will pay the Post Office Savings Bank to take.

The English parish church of Thirsk has been infested with scores of bats. Various means have been tried to rid the edifice of the pests, but with little success until three weeks ago, when an owl was placed in the church. If the owl did not destroy them he had the effect of compelling them to keep very close quarters. A few months ago the bats did damage to the pipes of the new organ. They entered at the wind end, and the pipes being narrow at the bottom, found themselves unable to get back. As many as eight dead bats were found in a single pipe.

The Governor of the Chinese province of Chekiang refutes the popular impression that the Celestial Empire is packed with people to its utmost corners. He reports enormous areas of land uncultivated in his district, and that, although seventeen years have elapsed since the last war ravaged the country, a large body of land has never paid its taxes, and has been left untilled. This is particularly the case in the department of Chin-houa, Chu-chow and Yen-show, in which over 1,600,000 acres are idle, while in those of Hangshow, Ka-shing and Hu-chow there are 6,000,000 acres more. Some of the land is too poor to return much, but there are at least 5,500,000 acres of fertile soil completely neglected.

It is when English girls are growing up, says the *Spectator*, when they are developing from children into women, that fashion necessitates their being put into harness; that the operation of "fining down" the figure by stays begins; that the free action and natural balance are restricted and destroyed; that instead of giving every function a chance of free development, the incessant, gradual pressure is used of whalebone and steel where nature has not even allowed the hardness of any body structure to press. Of course, nature's form can only be materially altered where there are no bones to resist, but the want of sense shown in the desire to alter her form cannot be too urgently denounced.

Farm and Garden.

SALT ON WHEAT.—As seeding and cultivating a new wheat crop will soon be in order, suggestions on this head are also in order. The Indiana *Farmer* says that an experiment with salt on wheat was made this year by James A. M'Murray, of Boone county, in that State. On one tract he applied "refuse salt," which he purchased for fifty cents per barrel, putting it on at the rate of 1,000 pounds to the acre on one tract; on another, 250 pounds; and the remainder of the field, which contained better soil than any other portion salted, was left untouched. All the grain was sown on the same day, and the plowing and harrowing was the same in each case. The result was that the heads from the tract not treated with salt were shorter and greener than the others. The heads from the land receiving 500 and 1,000 pounds of salt per acre were from a half to three quarters of an inch longer than those taken from the unsalted land, and had three grains to the line, while the other generally had two, the former grains also being heavier. The advantage of salt in soil is thus made apparent to an extent that each one may figure out far himself.

FALL WORK IN THE FLOWER GARDEN.—Now that the hottest days are passed, the grass will grow more rapidly and the lawn mower will be more frequently used. Annual grasses, especially the "Finger Grass," will spring up, but, as it lasts for only the season, if it does not seed it will give but little trouble hereafter.

New lawns may be made and the grass seed sown this month. Fall sowing is preferred to that in spring if the season is favorable for its getting a good start before winter comes.

Cannas—Both flowers and foliage should be making a fine display now. Prolong the bloom by cutting away the stalks as soon as the flowers fade.

Dahlias.—A large plant will frequently need more than a single stalk to support its many-spreading and flower-laden branches. Unless well supported the branches break down, just when the plant ought to be at its best. Remove the blooms as they pass their prime.

Chrysanthemums.—Coming when nearly all else is gone, they deserve more general cultivation for both their lateness and beauty. If potted, they can be kept in bloom for several weeks in the green-house or window. Those wanted to flower indoors should be potted when the buds are well formed and shaded a few days.

Geraniums should make a fine show of bloom now. Make cuttings now for next year's stock.

Ornamental Trees and Shrubs may be set out in autumn. In removing evergreens the chief point is to prevent the roots from becoming dry during the operation. This is by many regarded as a favorable time of the year to move them.

Herbaceous Perennials.—Fall is the best time to transplant many of these, as those like the Pæony will not bloom in the same year if moved in the spring.

Books and Periodicals.

CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN; SAVED AT SEA; LITTLE DOT; AND LITTLE FAITH. By Mrs. O. F. Walton. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway. 1880. Pp. 428.

This volume contains four very interesting stories. They are written in a truly simple, attractive style, so as to adapt them especially to juvenile readers. At the same time, the fundamental principles of Christianity are so plainly stated, that they cannot fail to be fully apprehended, even by the most unsophisticated mind. Their lessons are all drawn from the practical scenes of life. The characters delineated in them will be remembered with interest and pleasure by every reader. It is at all times safe to place books of this nature in the hands of the young, for whose benefit they have been specially written. F.

The October WIDE AWAKE opens with a suggestive story for all young girls who haven't much money. It is entitled "The Good Fairy Know How," and written by Mrs. Christine Chaplin Brush. This is followed by Part II. of Mrs. Lucia Chase Bell's amusing story of "The Boy That Was Too Beautiful." "Mrs. Hungerford's Letter From Home," with its very original illustrations, will amuse all the mammas at least. "The Lost Diamond Snuff-Box," by Isabella I. Hopkins, with its two excellent pictures is a capital story; and all the boys will enjoy Mr. Stewart's account of "Sam Thompson's Horsemanship." "Behind the Barn," by Mr. Horton of the *N. Y. Tribune*, is a spelling-book story for the little primaries. As solid and instructive matter, there is a spirited account of the brave boyhood of Capt. James B. Eads, whose name is connected with the Mississippi Jetties, and a very interesting paper in Mr. Benjamin's "American Artists" series about engraving and the well-known engraver, Mr. Anthony, accompanied by a portrait of Mr. Anthony, and a picture of him at work. The number has many fine illustrated poems, as usual. "The Conspiracy of the Weather Cocks," has three beautiful illustrations by Robert Lewis. "Our Grandmothers," by Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, has a very quaint pen-and-ink drawing by Miss Hansell. Mr. Louis C. Elson closes the number with a capital exercise song, entitled "The Children's Orchestra." Only $2.00 a year, etc., etc.

ST. NICHOLAS for October completes the seventh volume of the magazine. And, by the way, the publishers announce that the increased size and number of the pages in this volume make necessary the binding of it in two parts, each containing the monthly issues for half a year.

Louisa M. Alcott's serial story, "Jack and Jill," illustrated by Frederick Dielman, is brought to a happy end in this number, with pleasant surprises for the reader, and Noah Brooks's continued base-ball story, "The Fairport Nine," illustrated by A. C. Redwood, closes with the decisive championship game.

"H. H." concludes her two-part record of what she entitles "The Naughtiest Day of My Life; and What Came of It;" Robert Lewis illustrating the installment with a picture of the naughty child a prisoner in the garret.

The complete short tales, this month, are five in number: "Hap," by Annie A. Preston, illustrated by Alfred Brennan; "Ludovick's Rocks," an illustrated account of the amusing adventures of a discontented plowman among savages; "A Green Man and a Green Beast," illustrated by Miss S. A. Rankin; one of "The Major's Big-Talk Stories," in which he describes how he escaped from an enraged rogue-elephant; Zack's Excursion Trip," by Emma L. Plympton, illustrated by W. T. Smedley; and "Charity Carter's Picnic," by Sarah J. Prichard, illustrated by Robert Lewis, telling of a little orphan girl's great hope and sad disappointment, and of the thrilling way in which happiness came to her at last.

"Some Man-eaters" and their habits are described by Ernest Ingersoll and pictured by Hermann Faber, the text including stirring anecdotes of peril in hunting lions, tigers, and the shark. Susan Anna Brown gives some practical hints "How to Save Time," appropriate to the season of shortening days.

Many funny rhymes and comical pictures appear throughout the number, and there is an interesting account, by Olive Thorne Miller, of "The House with the Lace Front."

The large-type pages for Very Little Folk tell a very laughable story of a little negro boy whose supper rolled down stairs. "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" discourses with cheerful wisdom on various matters and things.

The October SCRIBNER, the closing number of the Twentieth Volume, opens with an article, in the series on "American Sports," on "Porpoise-shooting," by Charles C. Ward, accompanied by some striking illustrations by Burns, Share, and Gibson. The biography of "Jean François Millet—Peasant and Painter," which appears here in advance of its publication in France, is continued, with reproductions of ten of the artist's most noted pictures; its revelation of the simplicity and heroism of Millet's life is one of the most interesting events of recent biography. H. C. Bunner contributes a description, assisted by numerous sketches, of that feature of New York city known as "Shantytown," now fast disappearing before the inroads of civilization. The history of the early life of "Peter the Great" concludes in this number with an account of the expedition against and the capture of Azof, and in the November number the story of "Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer" will be commenced. This coming part of this great man's life promises to be more interesting, in both a literary and an artistic way, than the preceding chapters. H. C. Hovey gives an account of his trips of "One Hundred Miles in Mammoth Cave," aided with illustrations by Barton; and Samuel Parsons, Jr., writes of "Sea-side Lawn-Planting," with sketches by Gibson, Vanderhoof, and others. There is also a thoughtful and timely paper on the present condition of affairs, especially in agriculture, in "The New South," by Sidney Lanier, who aptly characterizes the large farming of the north-west as not farming at all, but "mining for wheat." There is an article on the privileges of suffrage, under the title of "To Bolt or not to Bolt," by Washington Gladden; a proposition for the establishment of a "Free Lending Library for New York," with the public schools as branches, by Theodore H. Mead; a bright and interesting story by Philip Bourke Marston; and the final chapters of George W. Cable's stirring novel, "The Grandissimes." In "Topics of the Time," Dr. Holland writes of "Trees," "Dr. Tanner's Fast," etc. "Home and Society" is devoted to "Education in Europe;" "Culture and Progress" contains reviews of late books; "World's Work" describes "A New Electrical Separator," "Gas Fuels," "A New Steam Fire-Engine Boiler," etc.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS. D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
Rev. C. U. HEILMAN,
Rev. A. R. KREMER,
} Synodical Editors.

To CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1880.

THE COUNCIL NOW IN SESSION.

This has been an interesting week in Philadelphia. The streets have been swarming with black coats, and Christian ministers and elders holding the Presbyterial system as contra-distinguished from the Episcopal and the Congregational, have attracted attention in the midst of political excitements when torch-light processions, miles in length, have threatened to engross the thoughts of men. The Council in session is not what may be called Presbyterian, as the unthinking may regard that term. Dr. Paxton, in his opening sermon, was a little unfortunate in saying: "It must be remembered that we are Presbyterians, and that this is a Presbyterian Council, inviting a representation of delegates from all the branches of the great family of the Reformed Churches holding to the Presbyterian polity and doctrine." This statement of the case would imply, that American Presbyterians, as represented in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in this country, for instance, were the hosts and other branches of the family were mere "invited" guests. This was not the intention of the Council. Its name is, "The Alliance of the Reformed Churches throughout the world holding the Presbyterian system." Reformed as over against Rome, is first, and Presbyterian, as over against other forms of polity, is second. The terms of membership, according to the constitution, are these: "Any Church organized on Presbyterian principles, which holds the supreme authority of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments in matters of faith and morals, and whose creed is in harmony with the Consensus of the Reformed Confessions, shall be eligible for admission into the Alliance."

We quote this in giving an account of the meetings, not in a captious spirit, but to show the scope of things, and to insist upon the fact, that we, as a part of the Church, have rights and interests in them. The Heidelberg Catechism is nearly a century older than the Westminster Confession, and the Reformed Churches of Germany, Holland, France, and farther South on the Continent of Europe, have a more wonderful history than the Scottish Kirk and its children, with all their heroic struggles against the usurped powers of Church and State.

This is a point at which we ought to assert ourselves, and under the recognition which no one will dare deny, join in perpetuating our work and history. We have perhaps been standing aloof too long. This much in the way of prelude and as a plea for the Alliance, which, if conducted on the broad basis originally intended as we believe it will be, will be instructive and profitable.

THE RECEPTION AT THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

The first public gathering indicative of the general interest in the meeting of the "Alliance," was the reception given in the Academy of Fine Arts, on Wednesday evening. This was what might be classed with the tea-party features of the Council, but it was a simple, informal assemblage of Christian people, assuring their guests of a hearty welcome. The fine building, wonderfully adapted for such purposes, was handsomely adorned with evergreens and tropical plants, and the whole scene was brilliant. We enjoyed it, not because we have not reached the age when communion with private friends and congenial spirits in the narrower circle of the drawing-room is more in taste, but because such personal inclinations ought not to govern men, and we were impressed with the power of Christian influence on the social life of the world. Christianity is always refining, and ought to raise our social life up to its own higher plane.

No one thought the fine orchestra out of place, although fiddling at a Presbyterian meeting might not seem at first a little incongruous. Dr. Prime, of the *New York Observer*, remarked wittily and pleasantly, that it might be well enough to have some reminder of natural depravity in which Presbyterians always believe.

Gov. Hoyt made an address of welcome. Mayor Stokley extended to the delegates a hearty welcome, and addresses then followed by Rev. John Cairns, D. D., of Edinburgh; Rev. William M. Murkland, D. D., of Baltimore; Governor George B. McClellan, of New Jersey; Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, of Bombay; and the reception ceremonies then closed by the individual presentation of the delegates to the Governor and the Mayor.

DR. PAXTON'S SERMON.

On Thursday morning the Delegates to the Council and ministers of the Churches represented, with many others, met at "Chambers' Church" and moved in procession to the Academy of Music, to hear the opening sermon by Dr. Paxton, of New York.

The large building was packed from parquet to dome. We doubt whether there was ever a sermon preached to a larger or more appreciative audience in this country. It was a grand, inspiring sight to look upon the sea of heads that looked down from the amphitheatre.

Principal Rainey, of Edinburgh, offered the opening prayer. Dr. Paxton had selected Matt. viii. 11, as his text. "And I say unto you that many shall come from the East and West and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven." The discourse was evidently memorized, and delivered with animation and fluency. It seemed to give great satisfaction. With part of it we were especially well pleased, and we give that portion of it on the first page of our paper this week. It will be gratifying to our readers to find the Christological, Christocentric stand-point emphasized so strongly. Other parts of the discourse, with remarks upon them may be given hereafter.

Dr. Jenkin, of Canada, offered the closing prayer, after which Dr. Paxton "Constituted" the Council by an invocation. A revised version of the Psalms of David was used during the service.

BUSINESS SESSIONS.

The first business session of the Alliance was held on Thursday afternoon. Dr. Wm. Breed delivered an address of welcome to the delegates. At the conclusion of Dr. Breed's address, Dr. Matthews read the report of the Committee on Credentials and the roll of the delegates was called. Some of the gentlemen from distant countries were not provided with the proper credentials, and their cases were referred to a special Committee, consisting of Rev. Principal McVicar, of Montreal, Dr. Wallace, Dr. Dickey, Dr. Brown, Dr. Wood, James McDonald, Esq., and W. J. Memie. The Chairman announced that nominations for Chairman for the session were in order. Dr. Matthews moved that Rev. Professor Calderwood, of Edinburgh, be called to the chair.

At the evening session Dr. Joseph B. Stratton was elected to preside. Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, of Union Theological Seminary, New York, read a paper on "The Ceremonial, the Moral, and the Emotional in Christian Life, and Worship." We are indebted to the *Press* for the abstract of this address, which we give on our first page. Dr. Hitchcock is by common concession the most refined rhetorician in the Council, and no proper conception of his paper can be gained by the report we give. If we can in the near future get the full text of his paper, we will be glad to lay it before our readers.

Dr. Hitchcock was followed by Dr. Robert Rainey of Edinburgh, whose subject was Modern Theological Thought; and by Principal G. M. Grant, of Kingston, Canada, whose subject was Religion in Secular Affairs.

On Tuesday morning Dr. Humphrey of Louisville, read a paper on the "Inspiration, Authenticity and Interpretation of the Scriptures." He was followed by Dr. Robert Watts, of Belfast, Ireland, who treated of "the Scripture Doctrine of Inspiration." These papers, with those read the evening before, were then discussed. The most exciting debate was on the Liturgical question, which the brethren seem to acknowledge is upon them, and cannot be long delayed. The most that can be said now, is, that while some form of worship seems to be in demand, there is no disposition to accept one in the way of a binding yoke—a view that commends itself to thinking men. Dr. DeWitt's paper, read in the afternoon, antagonized Dr. Hitchcock's view. Dr. DeWitt entirely divorces the æsthetic form from the worship of God, and took ground that can hardly be maintained in practical life.

Prof. Samuel S. Wilson, of Allegheny City, gave his view of the distinctive principles of Presbyterianism, which we fear were a little far-fetched, and forced, dating back before the birth of the Christian Church. The same may perhaps be said of the paper read by Dr. Read, of Richmond, on Ruling Elders.

HORTICULTURAL HALL.

The interior of Horticultural Hall, where the regular sessions of the Council of Reformed Churches are held, looks to-day like some old castle with banners adorning the walls. The Symbols of the Churches of the reformation have been re-produced under the efficient management of Dr. McCook, who has tried to do his work impatially, and has under the circumstances, done it well. It is no small matter to hunt up the "heraldry" and arrange the devices of past ages in a satisfactory manner.

The earliest date given on these banners is in this connection over Germania: "ELECTOR OF PALATINATE, FREDERICK THIRD, the *Pious*. CATECHISM PROCLAIMED, A. D. 1563; DEFENDED AT AUGSBURG, A. D. 1556: *'Herr, nach deinem.'*" On the tablet is also inscribed the words *"Lutz wird nicht thun; mein Fritz wird thun"*—the expression of the Elector, in anticipation that Louis would undo the work in the Palatinate, but that the younger Frederick would renew and carry on the cause of the Heidelberg Catechism. Besides the above, the seal of the Mother Synod of our Church in this country is represented, and the names of Schlatter of St. Gall, Switzerland, Weiss, Bechtel and Boehm, together with the date of the first Coetus in the United States, Sept. 29th, 1828, are suitably inscribed.

A PLEASANT INCIDENT.

Under this heading, the Easton *Free Press* publishes the following account of an incident, which occurred a short time ago, at one of the railroad stations, along the upper Lehigh: "Rev. Isaac K. Loos, of Bethlehem, had filled a vacant pulpit in the neighborhood on Sunday, and Monday forenoon found him at the station hotel awaiting his dinner and the first train home. The old papers had been read and time began to hang heavily on his hands, when two Jewish peddlers entered the room. Busily engaged in conversation, they seemed indifferent and frigid to their weary clerical neighbor. The dinner was served and the three guests sat down to the same table. The Jews were earnestly energetic men of business and of good appetites. As soon as they were seated they had knives and forks in hand, and were about to make an onslaught on the food before them, when the clergyman, looking at them, kindly said in German: "You are sons of Abraham, the faithful; at their meals your fathers used to pray," (and here he folded his hands and began in Hebrew:) "*Baruch ato*," &c., during which the astonished peddlers listened with intense interest. The short prayer ended, their reserve was gone, and they eagerly asked, "Are you an Israelite?" to which the clergyman, an American born, and of the Reformed Church, gave a ready answer. The conversation that followed was cordial and free, and the hour passed quickly and pleasantly, and with evident interest to all concerned. The locomotive whistle blew, and the strangers, introduced to each other by means of a Hebrew prayer, parted to meet perhaps no more on earth.

DECEASED MINISTERS.

We wish to say a word about "deceased ministers," or rather about the importance of making a full and proper record of their lives and labors. "Another laborer fallen," is the caption under which notices of their death are usually given, but "fallen" does not express the truth. "Released," or "Taken to his reward," would do better in most cases. There is something grand in the transition from the Church militant to the Church triumphant.

We have often thought of the toils and anxieties of hard-working pastors; of the pressure upon nerve and brain and heart that wears them out, and the welcome "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Often the *time* of the crowning may be as much a surprise as the crowning itself. The earth side view, O, how poor and incompetent! To be "suddenly" released from the cares of earth and transported to the many mansions of the Father, how blessed it is. The translation of the prophet in a chariot of fire from the valley of Jordan, was after all only a representative act.

But it is upon the earth-side view that we wish to remark. Good Sir Thomas Browne, in his Urn Burials, speaks of the folly of posthumous memories, and says in view of the way "oblivion blindly scatters her poppy," men should be "satisfied to be found in the record of God, and not of man." Yet it is well to make mention of those, who, having worked for Christ, "now rest from their labors." "Blessed are they." "Their works do follow them." What centres of influence they have been, and how we who are left behind should cherish the thought of them, not as lost, but only as gone before!

We have noticed for years the little difference the removal of a good man seems to make in the current of the world's life, nay, even in the current of the church's life. The waves soon cover things up, yet we repeat that Christians should hold in memory those who have fought the good fight themselves, and been co-workers with Christ in bringing many sons to glory.

How our own sainted Harbaugh appreciated this when he hunted up diaries, and old church records, and brought his sweet spices to embalm the memories of the Fathers of our Church! And how good brother Heisler has tried to continue the work even amidst the indifference of those who should be most concerned in such matters.

Sometimes we think the record given in our Church papers, and in the bound volumes, is all that will keep in remembrance those who have labored among us, beyond the time of a passing generation, and while such things may be of little importance in one view, there is another in which all ministers should bestir themselves to make the histories of men complete. "The lives of the Fathers," should be sold by hundreds, and give some encouragement to those who have sought to preserve precious memories as in amber. Two years ago we visited Green Castle, Pa., and found upon the grave of Rev. Stephen K. Kremer, a wreath of fresh flowers. We were moved to tears by the sight, but could not help thinking that such offerings would not be kept up after the young people he had catechized had passed away, and we were impressed with the thought that a more permanent memorial would be found in some printed account of his life and labors, especially if that were incorporated in a book, to be read by future generations. Let the record of our departed ministers be made. This cannot be done by separate volumes of biography, but there can be collected sketches, such as Harbaugh and Heisler have made.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

From Ray's Hill, Bedford county, we take a view of Ray's Cove, with the aid of Dr. Miller's field glass. This cove was formerly called "The Harbor," because the notorious robber, Lewis, used it as a shelter from the wrath of offended law. What's in a name? "Much every way," thought the honest Coveites, who did not wish to be continually reminded of the evil deeds of that audacious pirate.

Here, surrounded by dense woods, is a small log church, in which a still smaller congregation of Reformed people used to worship, and which we served during our pastorate of the Yellow Creek charge—no robbers ever molesting us or making afraid. It was always in a "hard up" condition, and with too little moral energy to keep a-going and alive. So it died, and the little church is a sort of way-side accommodation for such clerical odds and ends as may chance to stroll that way. But the charge itself did not suffer on account of this dead branch. Pattonsville and Yellow Creek now constitute the charge, which is in a flourishing condition, under the efficient pastorate of Rev. I. N. Peightel, who is deservedly popular among his people and in the community generally.

With strange feelings we pass near by the Yellow Creek Church. Here and there we see a familiar face, in the field or on the road. On a Sunday, we meet old and young in the church on the hill, and preach to them after an absence of over twelve years. Here we see a hopeful band of young people—boys and girls—who are well cared for in Sunday-school and catechetical class. In a few years they will take their places in the ranks of the confirmed membership and become active workers in the Church. Yes, every one of them, we feel assured. We read it in their eyes and faces. What a prospect for the near future! Then the old members: some have their names inscribed on tombstones, in the churchyard, and their spirits are, we trust, rejoicing in the upper sanctuary; but "the greater part remain unto this present." Many of these we meet again, after so long a time, and once more join together, as often in former years, in the worship of God.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

And now we pass through the great mile gap into Pattonsville, where the parsonage is, under whose roof we lived for five years. Well, not precisely so; that house is no longer there, having been destroyed by fire about a year ago. How we grieved when we heard of the sad calamity, and wondered whether, after having just spent about six hundred dollars for enlargement, the people would not be too much disheartened, with depleted pocket-books, to re-build. But, had we really forgotten the character of those people, and that doing great and difficult things is for people that have heart and will, and the root of the matter, which is the love of God? Why, the Church at large heard no cry of distress from that quarter. The loss was great, but not irreparable, and the people refused to sink down in despair under it. It was said, that while the Harper Brothers' building was wrapped in flames, the brave proprietors held a consultation on the street, to decide where to issue the next numbers of their periodicals; and it can be said with truth, that the Reformed people of Pattonsville had mapped out their plan for a new parsonage while the walls of the old one were still warm from the destructive element.

Where is the wealth of the Church? Not in broad acres, bank deposits, or in material superabundance of any kind, but in sanctified hearts and heads; in *men* and *women*, not *things;* who are alive to the interests of Christ's kingdom; who love the Church more than all else in the world, and are willing to sacrifice earthly comforts and goods in

her behalf. And there stands the new brick parsonage, a better one than the former, a monument to the Christian zeal and heroic self-devotion of a little flock, less than one hundred in number, with but little material wealth—except, indeed, the material wealth of an earnest, intelligent, and liberal Christian spirit.

And not only a new parsonage did these people erect, with scarcely any help from abroad, but already are they moving in the matter of building a new church. They have a fine house for their pastor, and they do wish the Lord to shine forth between cherubims of no mean design, and to meet His worshipping people in a place that is in some degree worthy so great a Presence. They remember David, how uncomfortable he was in his house of cedar, while the great Jehovah was dwelling in tents. And so we shall not be surprised to learn, that before the end of another year a new church will have taken the place of the old. Indeed one of the princes of that church had a dream about it that ought to prove very soon, that "it was not all a dream." Why not believe in dreams, when they are good ones? K.

MESSENGER IN ARMSTRONG CO., PA.

Our Travelling Agent, Mr. H. K. Binkley, returns fifty-six double-sheet subscribers to the MESSENGER from this county. Of these thirty-three were obtained in the South Bend charge, Rev. A. K. Kline, pastor, and twenty-three in the Plum Creek charge, Rev. M. H. Dieffenderfer, pastor. F.

Communications.

CORNER-STONE LAYING.

The corner-stone of the new Glade Reformed church at Walkersville, Md., Rev. S. M. Hench, pastor, was laid on Wednesday, the 15th inst. The day was bright, but uncomfortably cool for services in the open air. Yet, notwithstanding this, and that it was in the midst of the corn harvest and seed-time with farmers, quite a large audience withessed the ceremonies.

Assisting the pastor in the services were Revs. Dr. E. R. Eschbach, W. F. Colliflower and A. Shulenberger, of the Reformed Church, and Rev. E. Dudrean, of the M. E. Church. The sermon was preached by Dr. Eschbach, of Frederick, and was an excellent and appropriate discourse, based on Ephesians ii. 20,—"*And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone.*" After the sermon, the pastor placed into the stone, the holy Bible, Heidelberg Catechism, Minutes of the General Synod of the Reformed Church of 1878, Minutes of the Synod of the Potomac of 1879, *Christian World*, MESSENGER, *Guardian*, Reformed Church Almanac of 1880, *Reformed Missionary Herald*, Sabbath School papers, list of the managers, officers, and teachers of the Sabbath School, and the names of the pastor, with a brief sketch, the names of the officers of the congregation and of the building committee.

The new church will be a brick edifice, located near by the site of the former church, but a very great improvement upon the former in size, convenience, and architectural finish. The work will be hastened to completion as rapidly as possible. *

SPECIAL MEETING OF MARYLAND CLASSIS.

Maryland Classis held a special meeting at Washington, D. C., on Thursday, Sept. 16th, at 6 o'clock, P. M. Present at the meeting were Revs. E. R. Eschbach, D. D., J. T. Rossiter, M. L. Firor, J. B. Shontz, and T. F. Hoffmeier. Elders John M. Hoffman, E. F. Coblentz, and W. W. Lesley, and Licentiate Charles F. Sontag, of East Susquehanna Classis. Rev. T. F. Hoffmeier was elected Secretary *pro tem.* The meeting having been opened with prayer, the following business was transacted.

Licentiate Charles F. Sontag presented his certificate of dismissal from East Susquehanna Classis, and was received into membership in Maryland Classis.

Bro. Sontag laid before Classis his appointment by the Board of Missions to be missionary at Washington, D. C., whereupon it was resolved, that he should be ordained, and that the ordination services should take place at 8 o'clock, P. M., in the hall used by the congregation as a place of worship, 510 Eleventh St., N. W.

Rev. J. T. Rossiter being obliged to return home, Rev. J. B. Shontz was elected President *pro tem.*

Classis reassembled at 8 o'clock, P. M., together with the congregation, in the above-named hall.

Rev. M. L. Firor conducted the opening services, Rev. E. R. Eschbach, D. D., preached the sermon from Eph. iv. 8–16; Rev. T. F. Hoffmeier read the address to the candidate, and Rev. J. B. Shontz, President *pro tem.*, propounded the questions, and, while all the ministers laid their hands upon the young brother's head, solemnly set him apart to the work of the ministry, and at the close of the services dismissed congregation and Classis with the benediction.

The services throughout were very solemn, and evidently made a deep impression upon the congregation present, which, as to numbers, was very encouraging. In fact, we were very agreeably surprised at the large number present.

Thus our mission at Washington is again supplied with a pastor; one who enters upon the work with fear and diffidence, yet with earnestness and zeal. In the short time he has been among them, Bro. Sontag has won the love and confidence of the members of his congregation, all of whom, as far as we could learn, are very much pleased with their young pastor. What is wanted now is a hearty interest in the mission by the Church at large; an interest manifested by immediate contributions towards the payment of the ground lately purchased, and the erection of a chapel upon it. This accomplished, there is no reason why our Church should not have in the near future a self-supporting English congregation in the capital of the country.

On Friday morning, Mr. Lewis Main, one of the proprietors of the St. Charles Hotel, (a temperance hotel by the way), kindly took several of the members of Classis in his carriage around a large part of the city. Among the places visited was the lot lately bought for our mission chapel. We were very highly pleased with the situation, and think the committee did wisely and well in their purchase, and were exceedingly fortunate in getting so good a location at such a low price. But low as it is, it yet remains to be paid for. The next payment of $607.50 comes due about the 1st of November next, and as yet there is not half enough money in the treasury to meet it. Let all, then, who are interested and willing to help in this matter, at once secure what they can and send it to Wm. H. Seibert, Esq., Treasurer of the Board of Missions, Harrisburg, Pa., designating it for this object, and it will be sacredly applied to this purpose. What is needed is immediate action by the whole Church, and the object will be gained.

T. F. H.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF PITTSBURG.

The fall communion in the Irwin charge, Westmoreland county, Pa., Rev. A. E. Truxal, pastor, was well attended and full of interest. Thirty persons were added to the church, sixteen by confirmation, seven by certificate, and seven by renewed profession. Of the last-named, three are from the Evangelical Church of Prussia, and two from the Reformed Church of Hesse. This increases the additions to the church, since the commencement of the present pastorate in April last, to sixty-four. These large accessions are to be attributed in part to the fact, that the pastor preaches a sermon occasionally in the German language. The results of his labors thus far must be truly encouraging; and it is hoped they will continue to be such, though the membership of his congregation, in view of its location in a mining region, is subject to fluctuations which no pastor can control. The number of the population in every such region is always much affected by the condition of the coal trade. The Peace offerings of this congregation, which were made a short time ago, amounted to $37.59.

In response to the appeal of our foreign missionary, at Yokohama, Japan, the Sunday School connected with the church at Centreville, Somerset county, Pa., Rev. W. W. Deatrick, pastor, resolved to appropriate to the use of this mission, for the purchase of a house, the proceeds of the collections taken up during the month of August. As is the case with many other schools, the usual collection each Sunday averages about fifty cents. The result during the month named, however, was as follows: August 1st, $2.10; 8th, $4.19; 15th, $4.33; 22d, $6.81, and 18th, $10.65, aggregating $28.06. The result shows what can be done by a little systematic effort.

Very interesting and, it is believed very profitable harvest services, a brother writes, were recently held in the Salem charge, Westmoreland county, Pa., Rev. C. W. Good, pastor. Liberal offerings were made to the cause of benevolence, the proceeds of which have been remitted to the Treasurer of Classis. New life seems to have been infused into the membership of this charge, since the present pastor commenced his labors amongst them, and the present prospects of the charge are accordingly very encouraging.

POTOMAC SYNOD.

The Sunday School connected with Salem's church, York county, Pa., Rev. R. Smith, pastor, celebrated their anniversary on the 7th of August last in a grove near New Paradise. As they wished to utilize the occasion in behalf of some benevolent object, they themselves set up an ice-cream stand in the grove, instead of allowing outsiders to do so, as was usual heretofore. The profits of the sales they resolved to appropriate to the cause of Missions. These amounted to about $50, one-half of which, another school being interested in the occasion, belong to the Reformed school, and will be applied to Foreign Missions. The pastor thinks this is a proper way of turning to practical account what Paul teaches in 1 Corinthians x. 31, and also suggests one of the many methods by which those churches and Sunday Schools, which excuse themselves from giving to the cause of benevolence, might be enabled to come up to their duty and privilege in this direction.

WESTERN CHURCH.

Rev. M. Heinze recently of Delphos, Ohio, has accepted a call from Bell Air, Ohio.

Rev. E. R. Hinske, of Waukegan, Ill., has been appointed missionary to Prairie City, Bates county, Missouri, and entered upon the duties of his mission.

At a special meeting of the Sheboygan Classis, Messrs. L. Brügger and G. Loos were licensed to preach the gospel. Both, it is stated, are about to enter upon very promising missionary fields; their location, however, is not given.

The Licentiate John H. Bomberger, of Collegeville, Pa., has accepted a call from Grace church, Columbiana, Ohio, and his post-office address is changed accordingly.

The post-office address of the Rev. Wm. M. Andrews has been changed from St. Paris to Germano, Harrison county, Ohio.

In connection with a late communion held in Bear Creek congregation of the Germantown, Ohio, charge, Rev. P. C. Prugh, pastor, one person was added to the church. The pastor was assisted in the services by the Rev. Dr. I. H. Reiter. F.

MEETING OF SYNOD.

The Synod of the Reformed Church in the U. S. will hold its next annual sessions at Meyerstown, Lebanon county, Pa., to commence on the third Wednesday in October (20th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M. A punctual attendance of the members and others having business with Synod is requested.

SAML. R. FISHER, Stated Clerk.
Sept. 10th, 1880.

DELEGATES TO SYNOD.

The following is the list of delegates to the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, to convene in Meyerstown, Pa., October 20th next, as gathered from the published proceedings of the Classes:

Classis of East Pennsylvania.

Rev. M. A. Smith, J. E. Freeman, and Dr. T. C. Porter, *primarii*, and Rev. D. Y. Heisler, I. K. Loos, and D. F. Brendle, *secundi*.

Elders—T. T. Miller, Geo. V. Snyder, and Enos Ackerman, *primarii*, and James Jacoby, James W. Hutchison, and Martin Lawall, *secundi*.

Classis of Lebanon.

Rev. Dr. T. S. Johnston, W. F. P. Davis, A. R. Bartholomew, A. S. Leinbach, Wm. M. Reily, M. L. Fritch, and Dr. J. E. Hiester, *primarii*, and Rev. J. W. Steinmetz, Henry Leisse, R. S. Appel, A. J. Bachman, D. B. Albright, Jacob Klein, and T. C. Leinbach, *secundi*.

Elders—H. Loose, D. Stein, E. Shuey, J. K. Funk, J. L. Miller, John McDonell, and W. F. Hoffman, *primarii*, and Wm. Zeller, O. J. Aregood, A. Bright, P. Edris, and S. H. Madden, *secundi*.

Classis of Philadelphia.

Rev. Dr. D. Van Horne, James I. Good, J. S. Vandersloot, J. D. Detrick, and Dr. D. E. Klopp, *primarii*, and Rev. Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger, M. S. Rowland, J. H. Sechler, E. H. Dieffenbacher, and Geo. H. Johnston, *secundi*.

Elders—R. W. Eastlack, A. Hoffman, J. Detwiler, Jacob Gerhard, and J. F. Unger, *primarii*, and Jonathan Stout, D. Wagner, J. B. Geatrell, W. Ludwig, and M. Ott, *secundi*.

Lancaster Classis.

Rev. W. H. H. Snyder, J. P. Moore, S. Schweitzer, D. B. Shuey, and J. H. Pannebecker, *primarii*, and Rev. S. P. Brown, A. R. Thompson, G. W. Snyder, J. S. Stahr, and Dr. F. A. Gast, *secundi*.

Elders—E. J. Zahm, S. W. Hersh, Geo. Mengel, Jacob Gorgas, and Henry Martin, *primarii*, and J. R. Suter, A. T. G. Apple, J. L. Hoffmeier, P. E. Gorgas, and M. Horst, *secundi*.

Goshenhoppen Classis.

Rev. Dr. C. Z. Weiser and Eli Keller, *primarii*, and Rev. D. E. Schoedler and L. D. Leberman, *secundi*.

Elders—Samuel D. Rudy and D. B. Mauger, *primarii*, and H. H. Linderman and John Saybold, *secundi*.

East Susquehanna Classis.

Rev. Wm. C. Schaeffer, Wm. G. Engle, Tilghman Derr, and E. D. Miller, *primarii*, and Rev. J. K. Millet, Z. A. Yearick, Thomas J. Hacker, and A. S. Stauffer, *secundi*.

Elders—J. M. Beishline, H. Beck, F. Kniss, and D. Heilman, *primarii*, and Levi Linn, S. Miller, P. Peters, and H. Lutz, *secundi*.

West Susquehanna Classis.

Rev. A. C. Whitmer, J. F. Delong, and Wm. H. Groh, *primarii*, and Rev. W. M. Landis, S. M. Roeder, and S. S. Kohls, *secundi*.

Elders—Sam'l Transue, Henry Yearick, and J. G. Brown, *primarii*, and W. H. Conman, John Weist, and Peter Hoffer, *secundi*.

Tohickon Classis.

Rev. J. C. Leinbach, G. W. Roth, and D. Rothrock, *primarii*, and Rev. J. Kehm, I. F. Ziegler, and H. J. Welker, *secundi*.

Elders—Wm. Walters, J. H. Afferbach, and J. W. Leidy, *primarii*, and L. P. Christman, John L. Boyer, and John Drissel, *secundi*.

Lehigh Classis.

Rev. Dr. S. G. Wagner, S. A. Leinbach, A. J. G. Dubbs, and T. N. Reber, *primarii*, and Rev. L. K. Derr, N. S. Strassburger, W. R. Hofford, and I. E. Graeff, *secundi*.

Elders—O. L. Schreiber, Thos. F. Butz, R. H. Kramm, and Solomon Griesemer, *primarii*, and Henry Newhard, Casper Brell, Wm. Romich, and David Lutz, *secundi*.

SYNOD AT MEYERSTOWN, PA.

Arrangements have been made with the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad for passing the members of Synod and their families over their road and its branches, to Meyerstown and return, at reduced fare. It will be necessary for those who wish to avail themselves of the benefit of this arrangement, to obtain from the Stated Clerk of Synod an order for excursion ticket in advance. To all who accompany their application for such order with a three-cent postage stamp for return letter, one will be sent, provided application be made prior to the 18th of October. The above arrangement does not include the Germantown and Norristown branch of the Road. SAML. R. FISHER, Stated Clerk,
Sept. 17th, 1880. 907 Arch Street, Phila.

NOTICE.

The delegated ministers and elders, and others having appointed duties to perform, who expect to attend the Synod of the United States at Meyerstown, Pa., will please notify the undersigned of their coming, at least ten days before the Synod convenes. To secure the customary entertainment, it is important that this notice should not be neglected.

By order of the Committee.
GEO. WOLFF, pastor loci.
Meyerstown, Sep. 13, 1880.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The Synod of the Potomac will, by Divine permission, hold its Eighth Annual Sessions in the Reformed Church of Woodstock, Shenandoah county, Va., commencing on Wednesday evening, October 13th, A. D., 1880, at 7 o'clock. By appointment of the last Synod, the ensuing meeting will be *in General Convention*. A punctual attendance on the part of all concerned is requested.

The attention of all parties interested is hereby called to the following rules, adopted by the Synod at Frederick, last year, as found on page 6 of the Minutes, to wit:

1. At least ten days before the meeting of next Synod, the Stated Clerk of each Classis shall furnish the Stated Clerk of Synod with a certified list or roll of all the ministers and pastoral charges on the Classical Roll, at the time.

2. At least ten days previous to the convening of the next annual meeting of Synod, each pastoral charge shall be required to send the proper credentials of its delegated elder, or elders, to the Stated Clerk of Synod.

At least four weeks before the time appointed for the next Synod to meet, the Stated Clerk of Synod shall give official notice of the foregoing action in the MESSENGER.

The following Railroad Companies have agreed to furnish excursion rates, viz: the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad on main stem east of Cumberland, Md., and Branches; the Cumberland Valley Railroad between Harrisburg and Hagerstown; the Pennsylvania Railroad, Frederick Branch; and the Shenandoah Valley Railroad between Hagerstown and Charlestown, W. Va. Persons wishing to avail themselves of these privileges will be furnished, on application to the undersigned, with orders for round trip excursion tickets. Such application, however, must be made on or before October 3d, enclosing a stamped envelope, in which to return the order.

Mercersburg, Pa., Sep. 6, 1880. } WM. M. DEATRICK, *Stated Clerk.*

NOTICE.

All the members of the Potomac Synod who expect to attend its next annual meeting, to be held in Woodstock, Va., in October next, will please inform me of the fact by the 1st of October at least. Each minister will please state whether he will have an elder, and also the name of his elder. Members of other Synods who expect to attend the meeting of Synod, will please notify me in due time. No provisions will be made for ministers' *wives*. Those who fail to comply with this request will find that no provisions were made for their entertainment during the sessions of Synod. The members of Synod, on their arrival at Woodstock, will be conducted to the church, where they will be assigned to their respective places of entertainment.

G. H. MARTIN, *Pastor Loci.*

NOTICE.

Pittsburgh Synod will meet Oct. 13th, at Centreville, Somerset county, Pa. Persons coming by rail will leave the cars at Rockwood (Mineral Point,) which is the nearest station. Vehicles will be at the depot to convey the delegates and visitors to Centreville. That sufficient provision may be made in this respect, and also for comfortable entertainment, *all*, who propose attending the sessions of Synod, are requested to send a card as early as convenient to the pastor, W. W. Deatrick, Gebharts, Somerset county, Pa. F.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

This Synod will assemble in general convention at Centreville Somerset county, Pa., October 13th, 1880, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Orders for excursion rates on the Pittsburgh division of the B. & O. R. R., the Erie and Pittsburgh, and Allegheny Valley Railroads, will be sent by the Clerk to the ministers for themselves and elders, within ten days after this notice appears in the MESSENGER.

Those not desiring them will please notify me of it within that time.

Those desiring them for members of their families will also give due notice.

H. F. KEENER, Stated Clerk.
Berlin, Somerset Co., Pa., Sept. 6th, 1880.

NOTICE.

The Board of Missions of the Reformed Church of the United States (Tri-Synodic), will meet at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 5th of October, at 2 o'clock, P. M. Punctual attendance of members requested. Those who expect to be present will please inform Rev. H. H. Snyder of the fact without delay.

J. O. MILLER, President.

NOTICE.

☞THE REFORMED CHURCHES OF Europe and this country will hold a Union Meeting on next THURSDAY, at 8 P. M., at the First Reformed Church, 7th and Spring Garden Sts. Rev. Anet, of Belgium; Prof. Comba, of Italy; Rev. Szalatnay, of Bohemia, and Rev. W. J. R. Taylor, D. D.; Thos. G. Apple, D. D., and J. H. A. Bomberger, D. D., of this country, will address the meeting.

The public are invited.
Seats free. No tickets.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the Trustees of Prospect Hill Cemetery, held on the evening of Sept. 9th, 1880, the following resolutions as a Tribute of Respect to the memory of our esteemed President, W. A. Wilt, who departed this life Aug. 5th, 1880, were had:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His wisdom to call from our midst our esteemed President, W. A. Wilt, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of our brother, the Board of Trustees has lost one of its most faithful and useful members.

Resolved, That we will ever cherish in pleasing memory, and with devout gratitude to the God of all grace, the genial, Christian spirit and many good virtues of our departed brother.

Resolved, That we, as Trustees of Trinity Reformed Church, tender our sincere condolence to the bereaved family and friends, and invoke in their behalf the sustaining grace and consolation of our covenant God.

Resolved, That a copy of the above Resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and a copy forwarded to THE MESSENGER for publication.

ISRAEL LOUCKS, Pres.
WM. BEITZEL, Secy.

Married.

On the evening of Sept. 15th, at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. J. Calvin Leinbach, Mr. Cline Petty to Miss Sallie Cyphers, both of N. J.

Sept. 15th, 1880, by Rev. C. Cort, at the home of the bride, Arthur Springer, Esq., to Miss Delia Carpenter, daughter of Hon. Cyril Carpenter, all of Louisa Co., Iowa.

On Tuesday, Sept. 7th, 1880, at the house of the bride's father, by Rev. Frank Wetzel, Mr. James H. Young to Miss Lenora M. Lattig, both of Freeport, Stephenson Co., Ill.

On the 16th inst., near Arbor Hill, Augusta Co., Va., at the residence of the bride's father, Wm. P. Cale, Esq., by the Rev. S. L. Whitmore, Mr. Jacob T. Bosserman to Miss Emma E. Cale.

Obituaries.

Fell asleep in Jesus on the 5th of Sept., William A. Wilt, of York, Pa.

Brother Wilt filled the office of elder in the First Reformed Church at York for thirty-five years, and that of trustee for thirty-one years. He was one of the five original trustees who laid out Prospect Hill Cemetery of seventy-five acres, which is under the care of the Reformed Church, and the principal burying place of the citizens of York. Brother Wilt was widely known and active in church work outside of his congregation. He was oftimes a delegate to Synod and General Synod, and was regularly in attendance at the meetings of Zion's Classis, being its treasurer for twenty-one years. He was also at the time of his death, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster, and a member of the Board of Missions of the Reformed Church in the United States. In all these several offices he felt a lively interest, and faithfully discharged their duties. He was given to works of charity of all kinds. To him belongs the honor of establishing a meeting for prayer and instruction in the almshouse of York Co., for the benefit of the poor who find a home in it. Truly he was a good man, and in his death not only his own congregation but the Church at large sustains a great loss.

At a meeting of the Consistory, held on the 4th inst., the following was unanimously adopted.

God, our heavenly Father, has seen fit in His wise Providence, to remove out of our midst as a Church, and from our number as a Consistory, our beloved brother Elder W. A. Wilt. It becomes us as a consistory, to recognize this providence, as an admonition to fidelity, since the time to work is brief, and we know not when the Master will ask us for an account. But since in the death of our Brother W. A. Wilt, we have hope, and his departure in faith to his reward, witnesseth to the grace with which Christ strengthens his faithful followers, we thank God for his testimony, and take courage in our work,

Resolved, That in this bereavement, we recognize the hand of a wise and holy God, who doeth all things well, and though we understand not His ways, and could have wished it might have been otherwise, we bow in meek submission to His holy will.

Resolved, That we cannot but record our testimony to the conscientious fidelity and activity of our departed brother, in the many years he held office in this church as an elder, and that, in many respects, he was an example to those of us with whom he was associated.

Resolved, That as we are taught to weep with them that weep, we deeply sympathise with the family of our departed brother, who in their bereavement have lost a devoted husband and father, and we pray that God, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, will temper this providence to them and comfort their hearts.

Resolved, That a copy of this proceeding be forwarded to the widow of our departed brother, as a slight token of our Christian sympathy and condolence.

Resolved, That our pastor be requested to prepare an obituary notice of the deceased for THE MESSENGER of our Church, at as early a period as he will find it convenient.

His funeral on the 8th inst. was attended by a large delegation of the members of Zion's Classis. The occasion was improved by a sermon from the text Matt. xxv. 21, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," by the pastor.

DIED.—In Columbia county, Pa., on the 4th inst., MRS. ANNA E. STRAUSS, consort of Elder T. E. Strauss, aged 43 years, 5 months and 1 day.

The community was startled by the sad and no less unexpected intelligence of this death. Occupying the position she did in society, many felt that they had lost a near and dear friend, a kind neighbor and an enterprising citizen. Being a woman of considerable intelligence and commanding in appearance, she was a leading spirit in society. And if others did not always feel, see and think as she did, perhaps it was, as is usually the case, because she lived somewhat in advance of her age. Mrs. Strauss was a member of the Reformed Church at Hidley, where her presence, liberal support and voice in the song of praise will be greatly missed.

As a Christian woman, she was most devout to her God and the Church of her blessed Redeemer. When able she attended divine service regularly, and solicited the attendance of others. She delighted in the study of the Bible, and in the reading of the MESSENGER, of which she seemed passionately fond, and the contents of which she was very free to communicate to others.

But when we visit her home we see something of a true wife. What did she not do to make that home pleasant and attractive? Her pleasant countenance, her musical voice, and diligent hands, all conspired to make that home a paradise. She furnished her home with the choicest literature, ornamented her walls with the finest specimens of her workmanship, prepared the most savory meals, and seasoned all with her smiles, cheerful conversation, and sacred melody. Nor was she selfish in the least with her little paradise. The wanderer found shelter under her roof, the hungry food at her table, and her friends a warm welcome to her home. Yes, our pleasant associations with that home will not soon be forgotten.

On the Sabbath previous to her death she was prostrated by a severe attack of sickness, and remained in an almost motionless condition till her death. During this brief period of sickness, she was fully conscious of her fast approaching end, and felt that her peace was made in Christ with God. And as her natural senses were weakened, her spiritual senses strengthened. Before her eyes were fully closed on earth, she saw heavenly visions, and before her ears were deaf to earth, she heard them call her from the spirit world and also the music of heaven. Her funeral, which took place on Tuesday, was largely attended, and was improved by her pastor with a discourse on Romans 14: 8. Great sympathy and grief was manifested not only by the immediate friends and neighbors, but also by a number of poor people whom she had so often befriended in the time of their greatest need. Brother Strauss has lost his best earthly friend and companion, the Church a valuable member, and the community a kind neighbor. But what is our loss is her gain. May her mantle fall on others, and may we all turn for comfort to Him who only has the words of eternal life. A. H.

DIED.—Sept. 6th, A. D., 1880, Henry Grady, of Shanksville, Pa. He was born in Hessen, Germany, June 17th, 1812, hence his age was 68 years, 2 months and 20 days.

He was baptized in infancy, and became a full member of the church at the age of fourteen years, after having been instructed in the doctrines and duties of Christianity. He came to this country in 1835, when about twenty-three years of age. By trade he was a potter, and he wrought at his trade some seven years as journeyman in Somerset, Centreville and Davidsville. He settled down in Shanksville in 1842; and married Susannah Brandt in 1846, who died some eleven years ago. They had three children, two daughters and one son; only the son is left behind in this land of sin and the curse.

Brother Grady was for many years an elder in the Reformed church at Shanksville, and honored that office by his consistent walk and conduct. He was in many respects a model, Christian man. He was a humble, quiet, peaceable citizen, a living testimony in favor of right and religion to his neighbors. As husband and father he was mild and gentle, devoted to the duties involved in these relations.

As a member of the Church, he was faithful and constant in his duties at home and in the church. He worshiped God at the home altar, as well as with the public congregation. His presence at the public services of the Lord's house was so regular and constant, that his absence always spoke of an unavoidable detention. His example is worthy of imitation by all. He had his faults as all mortals have, but few have less faults and more virtues.

We shall miss him much in our little congregation here, but shall think of him as having joined the loved ones who had gone before, and as at rest, and happy with them forever. May he who is left behind for a while, so honor God in all his doings, that he too at length may join the family circle in the realm of glory, where it shall no more be broken.

H. F. K.

DIED.—In Hummelstown, Pa., Mrs. Martha Lingle aged 69 years, 11 months and 3 days.

Sister Lingle was a faithful member of the Reformed church at Hummelstown for fifty-four years, and when her Master came, He found her watching. On Sunday night, the 12th inst., she calmly and smilingly fell asleep, and is now present with her Lord. The funeral was largely attended. Services were conducted by the pastor and Rev. Samuel Kuhn. T.

DIED.—In Hummelstown, Pa., Miss Maud Meredith Greenawalt, daughter of Samuel and Ellen R. Greenawalt, aged 2 years, 11 months and 7 days.

The little sufferer, who has gone to her heavenly Father, died of membranous croup on the 13th of Aug. This is the third little daughter that these sorrowing parents have been called upon to yield to the will of the Master, all of whom died with the same disease, and at nearly the same age. T.

Youth's Department.

DRIVE THE NAIL.

Drive the nail aright, boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys,
Ere the time has fled.
Lessons you've to learn, boys—
Study with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky;
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try?
Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be downcast;
Try and try again, boys—
You'll succeed at last.

Always persevere, boys,
Though your task is hard;
Toil and happy trust, boys,
Bring their own reward.
Never give it up, boys;
Always say you'll try;
You will gain the crown, boys,
Surely, by and by.

THE STORY OF THE DAISIES.

BY MRS. MARGARET EYTINGE.

Daisies, golden-hearted, star-like, smiling daisies, all over the fields and meadows, all along the high-ways and by-ways—bonnie wee flowers looking bravely up at the dazzling sun, and giving with child-like generosity their beauty to the loneliest spots and most desolate places. Close up to a fence that surrounded a garden where bloomed hundreds of rare and lovely blossoms they crowded, praising with sweet artlessness the grace and fragrance of their more precious sisters, and wondering every morning when the gardener came out at early dawn and collected many young plants together, and gathered roses, and pansies, and gladiolas, and verbenas, and pinks, and other flowers by the basketful, to carry away, where he took them and what became of them.

"I will tell you," said a tall, graceful white lily that grew near the garden gate, one day, as she inclined her fair head toward them. "I have been where they are going—I and the tuberoses over yonder. (We are growing in pots sunk in the ground, and therefore can be taken up and moved from place to place without harm.) Once I helped deck a large, sunshiny room—I was a very young bud then—where a great many little children, looking like flowers themselves in their gay dresses, sang, and played, and laughed, and danced for joy, because a baby friend was three years old that day; and once I stood at the right hand of a gray-haired minister, in a crowded church, and heard him say, 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' But, dear, simple, wee things, you don't understand that, do you? I forgot to whom I was talking. They go to a large city, where nothing is seen but brick and stone buildings, and hosts of people, and nothing is heard but the sound of voices and footsteps, and the ringing of bells, and the tramping of horses, and rolling of wagons, and where there are no bees, nor butterflies, nor birds, save canaries that live in cages, and sparrows that can live anywhere."

"But the daisies are never taken to the city," said the daisies, after a short pause, "and they are flowers as well as the verbenas and pinks."

"Bless your innocent little hearts! I know they are," said the lily. "But the fact is, no one cares to buy daisies."

"So nobody cares for us in the big city," said the daisies to each other, "and yet the butterflies and birds tell us we are very pretty."

But the lily was mistaken, for the very next morning the gardener came out into the meadow with a trowel in his hand, and digging up some of the largest daisy plants, replanted them in a large flower-pot.

"Somebody wants us after all," they called to the grass, and the dandelions, and the other daisies, as they were carried away, "and we shall see the fine houses, and perhaps live with lilies, roses, and geraniums all the rest of our lives. Good-by, dear friends, good-by."

In a short time the daisies found themselves in a market-place — not among cabbages and tomatoes, but at the end of a row of blooming plants from the garden at which they had so often peeped through the fence. But they had scarcely had time to look about them when they saw a shabbily-dressed boy coming slowly towards them—slowly, poor fellow, because one of his feet was sadly mis-shapen, and in his arms he carried a heavy bundle of newspapers. He looked eagerly at the gardener as he came near.

"I've got your daisies, my boy," the man called, cheerily. "Here they are, still wet with the dew, as handsome daisies as ever I saw. You must keep them in the shade a day or two, giving them a drink now and then, and I don't doubt they'll do finely. Will you take them now?"

"Yes, sir, thank you," said the boy, his whole face lighting up, and his pale cheeks flushing, "if you will let me leave my papers here a few minutes, until I can run home with them. But you've brought so many—and they're in a nice pot, too—I'm afraid I haven't money enough to pay for them."

"Five cents was the price agreed upon yesterday," said the good-natured gardener, "and I always stick to a bargain. And if there's more than you expected, all the better for you—some of 'em 'll be sure to thrive anyhow. As for the pot, you're welcome to that. A flower-pot more or less won't make me, or break me."

The boy threw down his bundle, took the daisies with another "thank you," and hurried away as fast as his poor feet would let him, to an old, queer-looking wooden house near the market, where, hugging his treasure closely to his breast, he mounted the shaky stairs until he reached the garret. Pushing open a door here, he entered a neat little room with only one window in it, but that a dormer facing the south. The floor of this room was bare, with the exception of two or three round rag mats, and the walls were decorated in the oddest manner with pictures cut from old newspapers and magazines, bits of colored glass, strips of tin twisted into grotesque shapes, and red and green motto-papers fashioned into some semblance of flowers.

On a bed near the window lay a little pale-faced, brown-haired girl, with wistful gray eyes, and a smile like sunshine breaking through a cloud. In her hands she held a pair of knitting-needles, with which she was knitting with marvelous quickness some coarse thread into wide, strong lace. Beside the bed stood a small table, holding a box of water-colors, a camel's-hair brush or two, a lead-pencil, a cup filled with water, and a piece of paper on which was a rude attempt at a painting of a bunch of daisies.

"See what I've brought you, Phemie!" cried her brother, joyfully. "To-day's your birth-day: thirteen years old—almost as old as I am. Bet you thought I had forgotten it; but I didn't, dearie; no, indeed."

"Daisies! daisies!" cried the girl, with a sweet, glad laugh, dropping her work, and holding out her pretty, slender hands. "Oh, brother—dear, good, *darling* brother—will they live and grow?"

"The gardener says they will, and he ought to know," answered her brother. "And now you needn't be aching your poor head any more, trying to think exactly how they look, for you can study them all day long. But, good gracious! I must go and sell my papers, or we'll have no berries for dinner, and that would be dreadful." And giving his sister a kiss, he hurried away again, as happy, I believe, as any boy in that great city on that pleasant summer day.

"I am so glad, so very, *very* glad that you have come," said Phemie to the daisies, as soon as he was gone, as she set them on the table, and gazed at them with tears in her eyes, "and I beg of you to live, dear daisies. I am a poor, weak little girl, and I can't sit up but a few hours each day. But a long while ago I could run about like other little girls, and I lived in the country, where thousands of daisies grew, and I have never forgotten them. Mamma was alive then, but she's dead now, and father left us here a year after she died, and we have never seen him since. He didn't care for daisies or us. How good of Brother Frank to bring you to me, daisies! I shall knit so much better and faster, and earn so much more money, with your bright faces smiling at me. And some day I shall make a picture of you—I have been trying to paint one from memory—that shall be almost as pretty as your own dear selves." And she leaned back against her pillow, singing softly to herself; and while her fingers plied the knitting-needles, her spirit, led by the spirits of the meadow flowers, wandered to green fields, and listened to the hum of the bees and the song of the birds, and grew lighter and happier every moment. And Frank, coming quietly in at noon, saw her with closed eyes and clasped hands, and heard her say, "Dear God, a helpless child thanks Thee for daisies!"

And the daisies all lived, and increased in numbers until the room overflowed with them. On floor and shelf they bloomed in cracked pitchers, broken jars, old fruit cans, everything that Frank could find to fill with them. And Phemie did paint a beautiful picture of them at last, and through this picture came much good fortune to the garret home. Frank, showing it, in his brotherly love and pride, to a kind gentleman whom he served with papers, was surprised to learn that it was worth more than his sister knitting lace for three long months could earn.

And now to end the story. The very prettiest New-Year's card that appeared to celebrate the birth of 1880 was one on which the New-Year's greeting was printed on a ribbon encircling the stem of a bunch of daisies. Those daisies are Phemie's daisies. And the young flower painter, growing stronger day by day, is the happy mistress of two pleasant rooms and a mite of a studio.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE SWISS HERO.

As one travels through Switzerland he sees constantly exhibited in the shop-windows a group in bronze, marble, or wood-carving. It represents a man pierced with ten spears; and as he sinks to the ground, dying, his comrades press victoriously upon their astonished foes.

The group evidently commemorated some Swiss hero; and we listened with pleasure as the Swiss shop-keeper repeated, with patriotic pride, the old story of Arnold de Winkelried.

In 1836 a large Austrian army invaded Switzerland. All the patriots gathered at Sempach to resist them. The armies fronted each other in silence. There was no point in the unbroken front of the Austrians where the Swiss could make an attack.

Suddenly Winkelried, shouting "Make way for liberty!" charged alone upon the Austrians. Extending his arms, he gathered ten spears within his grasp. Their points pierced his heart; he bore them to the ground; but the breach had been made. The Swiss rushed through the opening, and, stimulated by Winkelried's example, defeated the Austrians with terrible slaughter.

How often in moral advances some hero draws the attack upon himself, and falls a martyr, while others march to victory through the opening he has made.

LOFTY TOWERS.

The crown of William Penn's hat, which is to adorn his thirty-six-foot statue surmounting the lofty tower of the new Philadelphia public buildings, will be just 535 feet from the pavement. This is higher than any other tower yet constructed. Trinity steeple in New York city, which seems so imposing with its height of 284 feet, shrinks into insignificance in comparison with the lofty spire which is intended to be the crowning glory of Penn square. The highest towers which have yet been constructed are those of the Cologne Cathedral, which have at present a height of 524 feet 11 inches, or 10 feet 1 inch below Mr. Penn's proposed hat. As, however, the Cologne towers are still unfinished, and aim at an ultimate altitude of 576 feet 9 inches, the Penn square tower may never enjoy the distinction of being the highest in the world. The following are the heights of some of the chief lofty buildings: Tower of St. Nicholas at Hamburg, 473 feet 1 inch; cupola of St. Peter's, Rome, 469 feet 2 inches; cathedral spire at Strasburg, 465 feet 11 inches; pyramid of Cheops, 449 feet 5 inches; tower of St. Stephen's, Vienna, 443 feet 10 inches; tower of St. Martin's, Landshut, 434 feet 8 inches; cathedral spire at Frieburg, 410 feet 1 inch; Cathedral of Antwerp, 404 feet 10 inches; Cathedral of Florence, 390 feet 5 inches; St. Paul's, London, 365 feet 1 inch; ridge tiles of Cologne Cathedral, 360 feet 3 inches; cathedral tower at Magdeburg, 339 feet 11 inches; tower of the new Votive Church at Vienna, 314 feet 11 inches; tower of the Rathhaus at Berlin, 288 feet 8 inches; and the tower of Notre Dame at Paris, 232 feet 11 inches.—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE LULLABY.

BY FANNIE E. TOWNSLEY.

"Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep!"
A mother is singing her baby to sleep,
But the tiny fingers tipped with pearl
Round one another vexatiously twirl,
And feet so cunning, so rosy and quick,
Are tossing the crib-quilt with punch and kick,
And wide-awake eyes just as blue as the sky
Are saying to mamma, "*I'll* sleep by and by!
And you can't hurry me one wee bit
Though trying your sweetest you patiently sit
And sing by the hour beside me!"

"Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep!"
"Hurry up, darling! *Do* go to sleep!
Maybe you'll find in the Land of Dreams
Little Bo-Peep by the shady streams
Waiting for *you*, with her to go
After her lambies as white as snow,
Hunting thro' meadow and glen and dell
To find the creatures all safe and well,
Out where the lovely harebells grow,
Bleating and feeding to and fro,
A swinging their tails behind 'em!"

Lower and lower the shadow dips
Over the forehead, the cheek, the lips;
Lovelit eyes are closed at last,
Lullaby, hushaby song is past,
Baby has gone to the Land of Dreams,
Hunting Bo-Peep by the shady streams.
Mother unwearied her vigil keeps,
Dreaming *awake*, while her baby sleeps—
Dreams which the future perchance may bring
To her winsome darling and leave no sting,
No waking grief behind them.

* * * * * *

Silently, tenderly enter there.
God has answered a mother's prayer;
Baby, *our* baby, to-day has gone
Into a country, to us unknown;
There to find by the shady streams
Which border the city where no one dreams,
Gifts as costly, as rich and rare,
As ever were dreamed in a mother's prayer!
O Jesus, who sung her last, sweet lullaby,
Jesus, the little ones' Friend, be nigh
To comfort us, left behind her!

THE GOLDFINCH AND THE MOLE.

In a beautiful garden, full of fragrant flowers, a bright goldfinch had built a nest in an old apple-tree. Incessant was the care it bestowed on its young. Many times a day would the bird fly from its nest, search for food for its fledgelings, and return to them with the food in its bill.

A mole, which grabbled through the garden in all directions, would often come and take its seat under the apple-tree, and watch the active bird. Sometimes, also, the gentleman to whom the garden belonged would approach the tree with his little son, and observe with much interest the proceedings of the bright and cheerful bird.

"Observe," he used to say to the boy, "the care bestowed by this parent bird on its young ones. What love, what tenderness, what unselfish pains, what ceaseless activity in supplying all their needs! Never disturb its nest nor interrupt its work."

But when the gentleman saw the mole-hills which had been made in his garden he was very angry, and threatened the perpetrator of the mischief with all kinds of traps and certain punishment if ever he caught him. The poor mole trembled from head to foot when he heard these threats. One day, with a heart full of sorrow and anxiety, he said to the goldfinch, "How is it that the master can always load you with praises, while for poor me there seems to be nothing but imprisonment and death?"

"It is my diligence that pleases him," replied the goldfinch.

"But am I less active than you?" again asked the mole. "See how I grope and dig day and night under these beds. Night and day I am hard at work. Rest! I scarcely know what it is. What more can I do?"

"My friend," replied the goldfinch, "mere diligence is not enough; it must be well directed. I bestow my care on my nestlings. I labor for them; I feed them. I disturb no one; I do no one harm. But you—why, what do you do? Confusion marks your course. All is disorder where you work. This garden is the owner's delight. You dig under it, you gnaw its roots, and disturb and disfigure its beds. Just ask yourself whether he can attach any value to diligence such as yours. Believe me, idleness itself is less hurtful than mischief."

BE SOMETHING.

A young girl had been trying to do something very good, and had not succeeded very well. Her friends hearing her complain, said:

"God gives us many things to do, but don't you think He gives us something to *be*, just as well?"

"O dear! tell me about being." Marion looked up with penitent eyes. "I will think about being, if you will help me."

"God says:

"'Be kindly-affectioned one to another.'

"'Be ye also patient.'

"'Be ye thankful.'

"'Be not conformed to this world.'

"'Become little children.'

"'Be ye therefore perfect.'

"'Be courteous.'

"'Be not wise in your own conceits.'

"'Be not overcome of evil.'"

Marion listened, but made no reply.

Twilight grew into darkness. The tea-bell sounded, bringing Marion to her feet. In the firelight Elizabeth could see that she was very serious.

"I'll have a better day to-morrow. I see that doing grows out of being."

"We cannot be what God loves without doing all that He commands. It is easier to *do* with a rush than to be patient, or unselfish, or humble, or just, or watchful."

"I think it is," returned Marion.

Pleasantries.

"An oyster," says a New York paper, "if undisturbed, would live about eight years." Yes, and by that time it would be too old and tough to go to church. Convert oysters early, if you wish to prevent them from becoming heathen.—*Chronicle-Herald.*

One of our wholesale dry goods houses has a new clerk whose father from the country went in to see him the other day, and was surprised to learn that all the salesmen had nicknames. He asked the floor-walker why his son was called "Jury?" "Oh," was the reply, "he is always sitting on cases."

The father of a British army officer writes the London *Standard* as follows: "I was walking with my son in the main street of Halifax, Yorkshire, at midday. He was in the uniform of his regiment. We were confronted by an operative, who addressed my son as follows: 'You get out o' my way, you blooming lobster; I pays for yer, and have a better right to walk 'ere nor you 'ave.'" This, the writer adds, was simply outrageous, and the Government ought to protect its officers from such insults.

He was a simple-minded old man and principal witness in an aggravated assault case. After the trial was over he was paid his witness fee, $1.50. He expressed great delight in receiving the money, and addressed the Judge: "Your Honor, I am an old citizen of Galveston, and have a large family on my hands." "Well, what have I got to do with that?" "I only wanted to say that if anything of this kind turns up again, you will please let me know. I hope you will throw it in my way. Every little helps, you know."—*Galveston News.*

Religious Intelligence.

Home.

There are eighty parishes in the Diocese of Virginia, paying salaries which average less than $400 per annum.

Wealthy Ohio Presbyterians are talking of forming a religious colony on Lake Chautauqua close beside the Baptists.

The expedient of charging ten cents for admission to the Ohio State camp-meeting of colored Methodists at Caldwell, might have served to pay the expenses if the Treasurer had not absconded.

There is a movement in Cincinnati to call upon the Pope for aid in paying Bishop Purcell's debts. It is a heavy load for the diocese to carry, and the private revenues of the Pope are known to be very large.

Sixteen Indian girls from the Indian Territory, ranging from sixteen to twenty-five years, have entered Moody's Seminary at Northfield, Mass., where they will study for four years, and then do missionary work among their own people.

Five hundred Congregationalists were registered at Chautauqua, and $500 secured toward a building for Congregational headquarters. About $2,500 is needed for the purpose. The subject of a Sunday-school secretary is likely to come before the Congregational Council this Fall.

The Rev. Joseph Cook says of Spiritualism:—"In my opinion, Spiritualism is practically the most mischievous form of modern infidelity. I hold that the proper attitude for a man to take on Spiritualism is exactly the Biblical position. We are to beware of witchcraft; have nothing to do with necromancy; try the spirits, sift them, and if any man have a familiar spirit do not listen to it. The Bible is full of warnings concerning commerce with evil spirits, and I am willing to say that I want only Biblical language to express my opinions of Spiritualism.

The Philadelphia Sunday Breakfast Association, started in 1878, has since been supported by voluntary contributions of money and material. There have been given out, since its organization, 94,400 rolls, 5,782 pounds of meat, 890 pounds of coffee, 1,270 pounds of sugar, and 1,430 quarts of milk. 22,298 persons have been fed, of whom 3,586 have taken the temperance pledge. After breakfast, an hour is spent in religious exercises, at which most of those who have been fed remain. This charitable work is located in a disused church building on Vine Street, near 8th.

Abroad.

Thirty-seven natives of New Zealand have been admitted to the ministry of the Episcopal Church.

A society attached to Spurgeon's Metropolitan Tabernacle furnished the past year gifts of clothing to the amount of $1200 to assist pastors.

The English General Baptists have fourteen missionaries in India. It was stated at a meeting of the Assembly that seventy-five per cent. of the additions to the Church in Nottingham during the last generation had been from the Sunday-schools.

Dr. Hitchcock, a laborer in the Protestant cause in Paris, is alarmed by the growth of a society of atheists lately formed in the French capital. This society, he says, boasts of a membership of 15,000 in Paris alone. Their influence is not simply negative. They make aggressive war upon the churches.

The town of Accrington, Lancashire, claims pre-eminence in England as a Sunday-school town. Of the 30,000 inhabitants, nearly 10,000 are connected with Sunday-schools, 8,738 as scholars and 1,138 as teachers. The Nonconformists have 6,111 of the scholars, the Anglicans, 2,192, and the Catholics only 434.

The Methodists have in Germany and Switzerland 11,821 members, a gain against last year of 485; traveling ministers, 78; local preachers, 59; chapels, without parsonages, 19; with parsonages, 53; parsonages, 11; Sunday-schools, 372; officers and teachers, 1,522; scholars, 25,827; volumes in library, 9,838; whole amount of contributions to benevolent objects, 214,506 marks.

Germany is adopting the inebriate asylum system. At a recent meeting of physicians at Hamburg, it was determined to attach to the establishment at Lintorf a spacious establishment for the reception of drunkards in higher positions in society, in which every appliance for their comfort and improvement should be supplied. This has accordingly been done, and the payment has been fixed at one hundred and fifty shillings per month for the first class of patients.

The Old Catholic Congress met at Baden-Baden on the 12th, 13th, and 14th inst. The leaders of the denomination in Germany, including Bishop Reinkens and a number of delegates from abroad, attended. The invitations to the Congress were worded as follows:—"Ten years have passed since Rome's most audacious attack on the life-power of the Church; on the sanctuary of God and man, called us to defense and to arms. We were forced to reject energetically the perversion of the Gospel by the pernicious dogma and the actual enslavement of the Church by the despotism of the Vatican decree, and in face of the collapse of the last remnants of divine order in Catholic Christendom, to save and set free the Apostolic Church. Incalculable difficulties had to be met, incomparable hostilities to be endured, innumerable trials to be undergone. We have done that which we could not leave undone, and God was with us. We have organized ourselves and stand forth determined and united. Our communities are developing themselves, our internal union is becoming closer, our cause, in spite of the attacks of opponents, is more highly esteemed." The latest statistics of the Old Catholic Church in Germany show that it has one Bishop and 47 priests at work. There are, besides, 4 professors, 2 invalid priests, and 4 who withdrew on account of the celibacy decision. During the past year 3 priests died, 2 were removed, and 2 were received. About a dozen of the priests have taken wives. The number of Old Catholics is estimated at 45,000.

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Now this is really why we are not strangers to anybody: because we deal with everybody as with a neighbor; and expect him to come right back if he has cause of complaint.

IF YOU DON'T COME.

But, suppose you don't come. How are we going to sell you just what you want to buy, without your seeing things beforehand? Try; write; say about how much you want to pay for a business suit, dress suit, overcoat, or whatever you want; say what your occupation is; say anything that has any bearing on what we ought to send you. It will not take us two minutes to guess what you want; if we don't guess right, that's our loss, not yours.

HAVE YOUR OWN WAY!

Perhaps you want your clothing made to your measure. Did you suspect that we make to measure a half-million dollars'-worth of clothing every year for people we never saw and never expect to see? You may be very certain that we have a way of doing such work without much risk of a misfit; for a misfit, you know, comes right back to us. We are pretty careful about making blunders when we've got them all to make good.

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Time Table, in Effect Mch. 15th, 1880.

UP TRAINS.

Lve. Harrisburg,	8:00 A. M.	1:35 P. M.	4:20 P. M.	*8:45 P. M.	
Arr. Carlisle,	9:00 "	2:35 "	5:20 "	9:43 "	
" Chambersb'g	10:30 "	4:00 "	6:45 "	11:00 "	
" Hagerstown	11:30 "	5:00 "			
" Martinsburg	12:20 P. M.	6:20 "			

*Leaves Philadelphia 5:30 P. M.

DOWN TRAINS.

Lve. Martinsburg...	6:30 A. M.			8:30 P. M
" Hagerstown....	8:00 "			3:30 "
" Chambersb'g	4:30 A. M. 9:00 "	12:00 P. M.		4:35 "
" Carlisle.....	5:45 " 10:20 "	2:20 "		6:00 "
Arr. Harrisburg*	6:40 " 11:20 "	3:20 "		7:00 "

*Arrives at Philadelphia 10:10 A. M.

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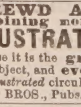

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General News.

HOME.

Rev. J. P. Rosenmiller, D. D., of Lancaster, died at Allentown, Sunday morning, Sept. 26, in the seventy-second year of his age, of congestion of the brain, brought on by overexertion at the East Pennsylvania Lutheran Synod, in session here last week. His remains were taken to Lancaster for interment.

The arrangements for the celebration of Baltimore's 150th anniversary, embracing a six-days programme, beginning with October 11, includes one day specially devoted to the colored population.

The Pittsburg company attempting to put out the fire in Keely Run colliery having failed to accomplish the task are paying $50 a day forfeit until they shall succeed. Whenever this occurs the forfeits will be deducted from the $10,000 charged for the work.

Major R. W. Shenk, one of the most prominent citizens of Lancaster, died Sunday afternoon, Sept. 26, in the forty-sixth year of his age. He was a lawyer by profession, a student of the late Hon. Thaddeus Stevens and the surviving partner of the firm of Bair & Shenk, bankers. He held a number of positions, among them Deputy Marshal for the Ninth district and member of the Legislature for two years. He was a major in the One Hundred and Thirty-fifty Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and was a member of all the different Masonic bodies in Lancaster. He leaves a wife and one son.

A sea mirage is described in a recent number of the Portland (Oregon) *Bulletin* as follows: Some of the most magnificent mirages ever beheld may be witnessed at Astoria, looking seawards. Evening before last the illusion represented a forest, with all the tangled wildwood and dry stubs, which soon gave place to a scene similar to a prairie on fire.

Richard H. Allen, D. D., for the last fourteen years pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, in this city, corner Pine and Fourth Streets, has resigned his pastorate to accept charge of Home Missions in the South, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church, with headquarters at Pittsburg. He preached his farewell sermon on Sunday evening, the 26th of September. In taking leave of his charge he referred to the fact that fourteen years had passed since he first came to them a stranger and accepted their call to assume pastoral charge of the church. During that time 572 persons had been added to the roll by conversion and 212 by certificate, making a total addition to the church membership of 784. In that time he had baptized 209 children and 123 adults. The contributions of the church for missionary purposes had amounted to $114,715 and for benevolent enterprises $59,485, making a grand total of $175,199. Dr. Allen said he had followed to the grave in that time 138 members of the church, beside 226 others—in all 364 persons—and had married 351 couples.

LETTER LIST.

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Sykes, Rev J H, (2), Snyder, Rev J F, (2), Schultz, Rev J A, Smith, Mrs L, Spangler, Rev H S.
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Yoder, E S.
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THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 25, 1880.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]

FLOUR.—Sales reported comprised 100 barrels Pennsylvania at $4.75; 300 barrels do. do. at $5; 500 barrels good to fancy Ohio do. at $5.50@5.85; 100 barrels new Minnesota clears at $4.95; 100 barrels fair do. $5.25, and 100 barrels choice do. at $5.75. We quote the whole range of prices as follows: Supers, $2.75@3.25; winter extras, $3.25@4; Pennsylvania family, $4.75@5.12, for fair to choice; favorite brands, $2.25; Ohio and Indiana do., $5.25@5.50; fancy do., $5.75@5.85; St Louis and Illinois do., $5.50@6; winter patent, $6.75@7.50; Minnesota clear bakers' extras, $4.75@5.75; straights, $6@6.50; do. patents, $7@8.25. Rye Flour continued firm and scarce at $5 for good Pennsylvania.

WHEAT.—Sales of 800 bushels rejected at $1@1.01½; car lots No. 2 red, spot, in elevator, at $1.06; 40,000 bushels No. 2 red for September shipment at $1.07, f. o. b.; 40,000 bushels do. for October loading at $1.06⅞, f. o. b.; 30,000 bushels do. September, in elevator, at $1.06; 30,000 bushels do. October at $1.06½; 5,000 bushels do. do. at $1.06⅜; 5,000 bushels do. November at $1.07½; 5,000 bushels do. do. at $1.07⅜.

CORN.—Sales reported comprised 7,500 bushels mixed, to arrive, in grain depot, at 52½c.; 400 bushels white, on track, at 52½c.; six cars low mixed, track and local elevator, at 53c., with prime high mixed and yellow for local use quoted at 53½@54c.

OATS—Sales of 2,000 bushels No. 2 mixed at 39c.; 1 car No. 2 white at 41c.; 7,000 bushels do. at 41½@42c., chiefly at 41½c., and 2,000 bushels do., old inspection, at 42½c., with No. 3 quoted at the close at 40½@41c., No. 2 at 41½c. and No. 1 at 43c.

RYE was scarce and firm, with sales of 500 bushels prime at 93c.

GROCERIES.—Sales reported comprised 530 bags low and fair Rio at 12@15½c.; 300 bags fair to good Maracaibo at 14½@15½c.; 150 bags good ordinary to prime Santos at 14½@16c., and 250 mats low and prime Java at 21@24c. Raw Sugars were weak at 7½@7⅝c. for fair to good refining, with sales of 200 hogsheads testing 90 degrees at 7⅞c. Refined Sugars were fairly active and strong at 10½c. for cut loaf; 10½c. for crushed; 10⅜c. for powdered; 10⅛c. for granulated; 9⅞c. for mould A. and 9⅜c. for standard A. In Rice we note sales of small lots old Carolina at 5¾.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at $16@16.25; shoulders, in salt, at 6@6½c.; do. smoked at 6½@7c.; do. pickled, 6½@6⅝c.; pickled bellies at 9@10c., as to average; loose butchers' Lard at 8c.; prime steam do. at $8.37; city kettle refined do. at 8⅜c.; Beef Hams at $18@19; smoked Beef, 15@16c.; smoked Hams, 11½@12c.; sweet pickled Hams at 9½@10¼c., as to average; extra India Mess Beef at $18.50, f. o. b.; city family do. at $12, and packet do. at $11@11.50, f. o. b. City Tallow, 6¼c.

BUTTER.—Creamery fancy, at 32c.; do. good to choice, 28@31c.; imitation creamery, 24@28c., as to quality; Bradford and York State tubs, extras, 28@29c.; selections, 30c.; do. firkins, old, 26c.; fresh, 27c.; Western dairy, extras, 25@26c.; do. good to choice, 20@24c.; factory packed extras, 21@23c; good to prime, 16@20c.; fair, 14@16c; common grades, 11@13c.; scrapings and grease, 3@10c. Rolls—Extra, 22@23c.; good to prime, 18@21c.; fair, 15@16c. Prints—Fancy, 34@36c.; do. firsts, 30@32c.; do. seconds, 25@28c.

EGGS.—We quote far Western at 20c.; fine fresh do. at 21c., and Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and other near by fresh stock at 22c.

CHEESE.—We quote New York factory, full cream, choice, at 13½@14c., the latter for small selections; do. fair to good, 12@13c.; do. half skims, 11@11¼c.; Ohio, flat, fine, 13@13½c.; do., fair to good, 12@12½c.; do., half skims, 11@11½c.; soft skims, 9@10c.; hard do, 5@6c.

LIVE POULTRY was dull and weak, with sales of Chickens and Ducks at 8@9c., but chiefly at the inside rate for Chickens, which were in full supply, and old Turkeys at 9@10c., as to quality.

HAY AND STRAW.—We quote prime North Pennsylvania Timothy Hay at $23@24; prime York State and Western do. at $21; some extra, in small bales, at $22, and rye Straw at $18@19 ℔ ton.

SEEDS.—Clover was neglected and wholly nominal at 7½@8½c., as to quality. Timothy was more active and firm at $2.75@2.80 ℔ bushel. Flax was scarce and wanted by crushers at $1.30.

FEED was in steady demand and unchanged, with sales of 30 tons good and prime winter wheat Bran, part to arrive, at $16.62@16.75, with some choice on spot quoted at $17.

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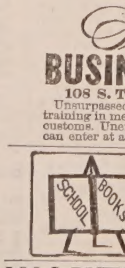

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